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IRISH FAIRY TALES

SHE POURED THE EXTEMPORANEOUS EFFUSIONS OF HER LOVE-LORN HEART.

IRISH FAIRY TALES

FOLKLORE AND LEGENDS

ILLUSTRATED BY

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GIBBINGS AND COMPANY, LIMITED
18 BURY ST., LONDON, W.C.
1904

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INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

THE stories have yet to be discovered which can compete with folk-lore stories in fascination for the young, and the reason for this it is not hard to divine. The folk-lore tale has had its origin among plain, artless people, in many respects only grown-up children, and its survival to our times is simply evidence of these people having regarded it as being too excellent for them to allow it to be lost.

And no stories can compete with them in the healthiness of their charm. The frolics of the fairies and pixies who figure in them so largely add another delight in the young intelligence to country scenes and ancient places—a delight excellently calculated to correct the effect of the feverish excitement of many of the amusements which town life affords.

In these volumes of English, Scottish, and Irish folk-lore tales for the young we have endeavoured to provide a selection of the very best stories from among the hundreds in which each of the countries is so rich, furnishing a healthy entertainment for its sons and daughters through the centuries.

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LARRY HAYES AND THE ENCHANTED MAN.

"You must know, sir, a long time ago, before your great-great-grandfather was born, the world was full of all sorts of enchantment and bedevilment, so that a dacent man could hardly show his nose out of doors, with the good people and spirits and phookas. They ain't half so much in the world now as they were in them days; but, as I was saying, it was hard for a man to show his nose, for if a man was to vex one of them, he might as well throw himself at once into the middle of Poul an Iffrin.

"Just about that time there lived at Cloghcreen a strong farmer, by name Larry Hayes. A dacent man he was, but everything was going wrong in the world with him,—and the more was the pity, for he was what you may call a rale good fellow. But, as misfortin would have it, he couldn't put a cow or sheep upon his little farm but he was sure to find them in the morning all torn and smashed to bits. Poor Larry was surprised what could have done him so much mischief, for he didn't think there was a

creature in the world owed him the laste grudge in life. At last he determined to watch the farm for one night, though he was mighty frightened at the thoughts of the good people and the spirits; but seeing there was no help for it, out he went at the dead hour of the night. He wasn't long walking about the field, when, what should he see but a man standing close beside him, which took a great start out of him, for he didn't know how he came there; however, he gathered courage, and began to discourse the man, when, all at once, as they were talking together, the man vanished away, and a big wolf stood before him. It was Larry was half dead at the sight. However, he blessed himself with the sign of the cross, and then his courage came again. 'In the name of God and the Queen of heaven,' says he, 'who are you? and where 's the man was here this minute?' With that the wolf began to spake just like a natural born Christin. 'I 'm the man,' says he, 'I 'm enchanted, and it was I that killed your sheep, and I couldn't help it; but if you 'll follow me, and do my bidding, I 'll make a rich man of you. You needn't be afraid, for no harm shall come to you.'

"So after some consideration Larry said he would, and the wolf brought him up the glen here to the big black rock, where the waterfall is now. There was no waterfall there then. So he opens a door in the rock, and takes Larry into an illigant parlour,

SHE OFTEN AXED HIM TO TELL HER WHERE HE GOT THE GOLD.

where he was changed all at once from a wolf into a beautiful young man. After giving Larry plenty of beef and mutton and whisky punch, he took and showed him a room full of gold, and gave him a big bag of it. You may be sure it was Larry was glad to get the gold, and gladder still when he was tould to come for more as often as he pleased; 'Only,' says the enchanted man,—'only don't let mortal know anything you saw to-night. If you keep the secret for seven years you 're a made man, and everything will prosper with you; but if you tell it to any one, I 'll be destroyed, and so will you.' 'Never fear me,' said Larry, and he made the best of his way home with the bag of gold.

"All the neighbours wondered to see Larry Hayes grow so rich all at once, and without any rason for it; and so did his wife, Nell Flanigan. She often axed him to tell her where he got the gold, but all to no purpose. So one night she followed him, and saw him go into the rock, for she was determined to satisfy her curiosity.—Oh, the women bangs all for curiosity! Well, when he came out, she taxed him with wanting to keep the sacret from his own wife and the mother of his children; and, to make a long story short, she tazed him so with her leeching that he was obliged to tell her the whole story. Immediately the wolf appeared on the top of the rock. 'You 're done for now, Larry Hayes!' roared he in a voice of thunder, that made the mountain shake again

and again; and then he was whipped up in a flame of fire to Poul an Iffrin, on the top of Mangerton, where he no sooner plunged into the lake than the water burst a hole through the side of the bowl, and, running down the mountain like lightning, covered the rock with the foam of its fall. Larry Hayes and his wife had enough to do to get out of the way of the water; and in a short time he became poorer than ever, till at last he had to travel the country with a bag on his back, like a poor buckaugh as he was."

JACK O' THE LANTERN.

ONCE upon a time there lived a man whose natural disposition was churlish and morose, and the asperities of whose soul had not been softened down by the influence of a knowledge of God, and his acquirements in the things of this world did not much exceed the narrow skill which enabled him to cultivate the farm on which he lived. He was known throughout the country for his unsocial manners—his blazing hearth never cheered the wayworn stranger, and the repulsed beggar never again sought his inhospitable door. In short, he lived the reproach of humanity, and his name was a byword in the land.

Jack, for so this churl was named, was returning home one night from a neighbouring fair, when, as he approached a dark and rapid stream at a particular ford, which the imagination of the people of that time had associated with some tales of murder and superstition, he heard a groan that, to his fancy, proceeded from some tortured spirit. He suddenly drew in the mare on which he rode. All

the horrid tales recorded of that dark glen rushed to his memory; and as a second and a third sound of agony smote his ear, his bristling hair stood erect, the cold beads of dismay oozed at every pore, nor did the whisky which he had quaffed that evening in his own sordid way prevent the current of his blood from freezing at his very heart. But when the horrid sounds were again repeated, he summoned nerve sufficient to inquire what he could do for the tortured soul that crossed his path in that glen of gloom and horror.

"For the love of heaven," said the voice, "take me to some human habitation, for I am no tortured spirit, but a poor homeless wanderer who has lost his way on the wild moor and has lain down here to die, for I durst not cross this rapid water! So may mercy be shown you in your hour of need, and in the day of your distress."

Delivered from supernatural terrors, the peasant's soul softened into humanity. With an indescribable feeling of pity, which never till that hour reached his heart, he dismounted, and saw extended on the damp earth a very aged man, with a white beard, who was evidently borne down with the load of years and misery. He wrapped the aged sufferer in his warm greatcoat, placed him on the saddle, and then, mounting on the crupper, he supported the object of his pity till he reached home. His wife smiled to behold her gruff husband en-

gaged in the unusual office of hospitality, and wondered much what charm could have soothed his unsocial soul to kindness. The miserable stranger received every comfort that her cupboard afforded, was laid to rest in a warm bed, and in a short time his grief and infirmities were forgotten in sound repose.

About the dawn of day Jack was awakened from his sleep by a bright blaze of light that shone through all the cabin. Unable to account for this sudden illumination, he started to his feet from the bed, and great was his surprise when his eyes were fairly open to behold a young man of celestial beauty, wrapped in white garments. His shoulders were furnished with wings, the plumage of which exceeded in whiteness the down of swans; and as he spoke, his words stole like the notes of a heavenly harp to the soul of the wondering cottager.

"Mortal," said the celestial visitant, "I am one of the angels commissioned to watch over the sons of Adam. I heard thy brethren exclaim against thy unsocial temper and utter disregard of the sacred virtue of hospitality, but I find that some generous deeds of virtue have lain uncultivated with thee. In me thou beholdest the miserable man whom thy generous humanity relieved. I have shared thy frugal fare and lowly bed; my blessing shall remain with thy house, but on thyself

in particular I bestow three wishes: then freely ask, as I shall freely give. May wisdom bound the desire of thy soul."

Jack paused for a moment, and then said—

"There's a sycamore-tree before the door, fair and wide-spreading, but every passer-by must pluck a bough from it,—grant that every one touching it with such intent may cling to the tree till I release him. Secondly, I wish that any person who sits in my elbow-chair may never be able to leave it, nor the chair to leave the ground without my consent. There's a wooden box on the wall: I keep it to hold the thread and awls and hammer with which I mend my brogues, but the moment I turn my back every clown comes here cobbling for himself. My third request is, that the person who puts his hand into the box may not withdraw it, and that the box may stick to the wall during my pleasure. My wishes are ended."

The angel sighed as he granted the boon; and the legend further adds that Jack was from that hour excluded from all hope of heaven, because he had eternal happiness within his wish, and neglected to secure the vast gift; but the angel's blessing remained with his house—his children were many, and his crops and cattle throve with large increase.

Twenty years after, as Jack sat one evening in his elbow-chair musing on his earthly affairs, a strange and unearthly smell of brimstone assailed

his nose; and when he turned round to ascertain the cause, the appearance of a tall, dark-looking being, graced with a pair of horns, a cloven foot, and a long tail, which he carried rather genteelly tucked under his arm, further increased his astonishment. The stranger immediately opened his message—mentioned Jack's exclusion from heaven, and spoke of his infernal master's anxiety to see him speedily at his own hot home.

When Jack heard these awful tidings, he repressed every symptom of alarm, and, starting to his feet, bade the stranger welcome.

"I hope," he continued, "your honour won't be above sitting in the elbow-chair and tasting a drop of potteen this cold evening, while I put on my Sunday clothes."

The stranger complied.

"There," said the host, "is a real drop of the native. The sorra a gauger ever set his ugly face on it. Why, then, would your honour tell me if ye have any gaugers in—your native place?"

"We have lots of them," replied he of the cloven hoof; "but we give them other employment than still-hunting. But come, the road is long, and we must be away."

So saying, he motioned to leave his seat, but found himself immovably fixed therein, while the guileful mortal set his flail to work on his captive enemy. Vain every entreaty for mercy—in vain

he kicked and flung his arms around; the swift descending instrument of vengeance smashed every bone in his skin, and it was only when he was exhausted, and unable to prosecute his task, that Jack agreed to liberate the miserable being, on his solemn oath that he would never more visit this upper world on a similar errand.

Satan has more than one courier to do his errands. A second messenger, provided with the necessary instruction for shunning the fatal chair and flail, was despatched to fetch the doomed mortal, who was ruminating next day on the adventure of the preceding evening, when the latch was raised, and a stranger cautiously entered. When he had explained his business, Jack requested that he would be seated, and expressed his willingness to depart when he had put a stitch or two in his old brogue. The courier was too cautious, and declined to sit; but Jack took the chair, pulled off his broken shoe, and requested the demon to hand him an awl from the small box. The infernal visitant obeyed, but found that he could neither withdraw his hand nor remove the box from the wall. He cast a glance of dismay at his mortal antagonist, who sprang to the flail, and bestowed such discipline as forced the present visitor to submit to the same conditions for his release as his predecessor had agreed to.

It is said that his sable majesty was greatly sur-

prised at the discomfiture of his two trusty messengers, and, like a skilful general, he resolved to go in person and explore the enemy's camp. He ascended from the nether world through Mangerton mountain, near Killarney, where that barren and bottomless pool, called the Hole of Hell, now fills up the funnel which formed his upward passage. He looked round from the lofty height into the far country, and, with the sagacity of the vulture in quest of his prey, directed his course to Jack's habitation. It was a sunny morning, and a heavy frost of some days' continuance had congealed all the waters and rendered the surface of the land hard and slippery. Aware of Jack's wiles, he rapped at the door and, in a voice of thunder, bade the miserable mortal come forth.

"I will go whithersoever your lordship commands me," he answered, awed by the threatening voice and formidable manner of his summoner, "but the road is slippery, and you will permit me, sir, to fetch my cane; besides I would wish to kiss my wife and little ones before I go."

The fiend was inexorable, and urged the wretched being on before him.

"If I walk without the support of a stick," he resumed, hobbling on before his captor, "I shall speedily break my bones; and if there are no carmen on the road to hell, how would your lordship wish to fetch my carcass on your princely shoulders?

Oh that I had even a bough from yonder sycamore to support my poor old limbs!"

To stay his murmuring, and furnish the desired support, Satan laid hold of a fair branch of the tree, but immediately found that he was unable either to break the bough or quit his hold; and Jack, with a yell of joy, returned to fetch his favourite flail. In the words of the legend, whoever would come from the remote ends of the earth to hear the most fearful howlings, occasioned by the most dreadful castigation, would have found ample gratification. Jack broke his three best flails on the occasion; and though the miserable fiend cried loudly for mercy, he continued his toil till the going down of the sun, when, on his promising neither to seek Jack on earth, nor permit his entrance into hell, the arch-fiend was released, and the fortunate man retired to rest, more fatigued from that day's thrashing than ever he had been before.

Our story draws near its close—Jack, with all his skill, could not baffle the assault of Death. He paid the debt of nature; but when his soul was dismissed to its final residence, the porter at the gate of the infernal regions stoutly denied him admittance, the fiends turned pale with affright, and even Satan himself fled within the lowest depths to hide his head from the dreadful enemy. Then, because he was unfit for heaven, and since hell refused to take him, he was decreed to walk the

earth with a lantern to light him on his nightly way until the day of judgment. Such, then, is the legend relative to Jack o' the Lantern, commonly believed by the peasantry in many districts of Ireland.

FLORY CANTILLON'S FUNERAL.

THE ancient burial-place of the Cantillon family was on an island in Ballyheigh Bay. This island was situated at no great distance from the shore, and at a remote period was overflowed in one of the encroachments which the Atlantic has made on that part of the coast of Kerry. The fishermen declare they have often seen the ruined walls of an old chapel beneath them in the water as they sailed over the clear green sea of a sunny afternoon. However this may be, it is well known that the Cantillons were, like most other Irish families, strongly attached to their ancient burial-place; and this attachment led to the custom, when any of the family died, of carrying the corpse to the seaside, where the coffin was left on the shore within reach of the tide. In the morning it had disappeared, being, as was traditionally believed, conveyed away by the ancestors of the deceased to their family tomb.

Connor Crowe, a County Clare man, was related to the Cantillons by marriage—"Connor Mac in

Cruagh, of the seven quarters of Breintragh," as he was commonly called, and a proud man he was of the name. Connor, be it known, would drink a quart of salt water, for its medicinal virtues, before breakfast; and for the same reason, I suppose, double that quantity of raw whisky between breakfast and night, which last he did with as little inconvenience to himself as any man in the barony of Moyferta—and were I to add Clanderalaw and Ibrickan, I don't think I should say wrong.

On the death of Florence Cantillon, Connor Crowe was determined to satisfy himself about the truth of this story of the old church under the sea; so when he heard the news of the old fellow's death, away with him to Ardfert, where Flory was laid out in high style, and a beautiful corpse he made.

Flory had been as jolly and as rollicking a boy in his day as ever was stretched, and his wake was in every respect worthy of him. There was all kind of entertainment, and all sort of diversion at it, and no less than three girls got husbands there—more luck to them. Everything was as it should be; all that side of the country, from Dingle to Tarbert, was at the funeral. The Keen was sung long and bitterly; and according to the family custom, the coffin was carried to Ballyheigh strand, where it was laid upon the shore, with a prayer for the repose of the dead.

The mourners departed, one group after another,

and at last Connor Crowe was left alone. He then pulled out his whisky-bottle,—his drop of comfort, as he called it, which he required, being in grief; and down he sat upon a big stone that was sheltered by a projecting rock, and partly concealed from view, to await with patience the appearance of the ghostly undertakers.

The evening came on mild and beautiful; he whistled an old air which he had heard in his childhood, hoping to keep idle fears out of his head; but the wild strain of that melody brought a thousand recollections with it, which only made the twilight appear more pensive.

"If 'twas near the gloomy tower of Dunmore, in my own sweet country, I was," said Connor Crowe, with a sigh, "one might well believe that the prisoners, who were murdered long ago there in the vaults under the castle, would be the hands to carry off the coffin out of envy, for never a one of them was buried decently, nor had as much as a coffin amongst them all. 'Tis often, sure enough, I have heard lamentations and great mourning coming from the vaults of Dunmore Castle; but," continued he, after fondly pressing his lips to the mouth of his companion and silent comforter, the whisky-bottle, "didn't I know all the time well enough 'twas the dismal sounding waves working through the cliffs and hollows of the rocks, and fretting themselves to foam. Oh, then, Dunmore Castle, it is you that are

the gloomy-looking tower on a gloomy day, with the gloomy hills behind you; when one has gloomy thoughts on their heart, and sees you like a ghost rising out of the smoke made by the kelp-burners on the strand, there is, the Lord save us! as fearful a look about you as about the Blue Man's Lake at midnight. Well, then, anyhow," said Connor, after a pause, "is it not a blessed night, though surely the moon looks mighty pale in the face? St. Senan himself between us and all kinds of harm."

It was, in truth, a lovely moonlight night; nothing was to be seen around but the dark rocks, and the white pebbly beach, upon which the sea broke with a hoarse and melancholy murmur. Connor, notwithstanding his frequent draughts, felt rather queerish, and almost began to repent his curiosity. It was certainly a solemn sight to behold the black coffin resting upon the white strand. His imagination gradually converted the deep moaning of old Ocean into a mournful wail for the dead, and from the shadowy recesses of the rocks he imaged forth strange and visionary forms.

As the night advanced Connor became weary with watching; he caught himself more than once in the fact of nodding, when, suddenly giving his head a shake, he would look towards the black coffin. But the narrow house of death remained unmoved before him.

It was long past midnight, and the moon was sink-

ing into the sea, when he heard the sound of many voices, which gradually became stronger, above the heavy and monotonous roll of the sea. He listened, and presently could distinguish a Keen, of exquisite sweetness, the notes of which rose and fell with the heaving of the waves, whose deep murmur mingled with and supported the strain!

The Keen grew louder and louder, and seemed to approach the beach, and then fell into a low plaintive wail. As it ended Connor beheld a number of strange and, in the dim light, mysterious-looking figures emerge from the sea and surround the coffin, which they prepared to launch into the water.

"This comes of marrying with the creatures of earth," said one of the figures, in a clear yet hollow tone.

"True," replied another, with a voice still more fearful, "our king would never have commanded his gnawing white-toothed waves to devour the rocky roots of the island cemetery, had not his daughter, Durfulla, been buried there by her mortal husband!"

"But the time will come," said a third, bending over the coffin,

> "When mortal eye—our work shall spy,
> And mortal ear—our dirge shall hear."

"Then," said a fourth, "our burial of the Cantillons is at an end for ever!"

As this was spoken the coffin was borne from the beach by a retiring wave, and the company of sea

ON THE NEXT WAVE THEY FOLLOWED THE COFFIN.

people prepared to follow it; but at the moment one chanced to discover Connor Crowe, as fixed with wonder and as motionless with fear as the stone on which he sat.

"The time is come," cried the unearthly being,—"the time is come; a human eye looks on the forms of ocean, a human ear has heard their voices. Farewell to the Cantillons! the sons of the sea are no longer doomed to bury the dust of the earth!"

One after the other turned slowly round and regarded Connor Crowe, who still remained as if bound by a spell. Again rose their funeral song; and on the next wave they followed the coffin. The sound of the lamentation died away, and at length nothing was heard but the rush of waters. The coffin and the train of sea people sank over the old churchyard, and never since the funeral of old Flory Cantillon have any of the family been carried to the strand of Ballyheigh for conveyance to their rightful burial-place, beneath the waves of the Atlantic.

SAINT BRANDON AND DONAGHA.

"THERE was once—a long time ago—a poor man, whose name was Donagha Dee, and he lived in a small cabin, not far from a forest, in the heart of the County Kerry. Ireland at that time was not so bare as it is now, but was covered with great forests; inasmuch that, it is said, a squirrel might have travelled from Dingle-de-Conch to the city of Cork without once touching the ground. Now, you must know, Donagha Dee was a very poor man, and had a scolding wife; so that, between his wife and his poverty, he could scarcely ever get a moment's peace. A man might, perhaps, put up with a cross word now and then from a woman if she was pretty, or had any other good about her. But, unluckily, Donagha's wife had nothing at all to recommend her; for, besides being cross, she was as old and as ugly as the black gentleman himself; so you may well suppose they had but a dog-and-cattish sort of life.

"One morning, in the beautiful month of May, Donagha was quietly smoking his dudeen (pipe) in

the chimney-corner, when his wife, coming in from the well with a can of water, opened upon him all at once, as if there were a thousand beagles in her throat. 'You lazy, good-for-nothing stocagh!' said she, 'have you nothing else to do this blessed morning but to sit poking over the ashes with your dudeen stuck in your jaw? Wouldn't it be fitter for you to be gathering a brosna (firewood), than be sitting there as if you were fastened to the sieshtheen (low seat) with a twelvepenny nail?' All this she said, and much more; to which Donagha made no reply, but quietly took his bill-hook and gad, and away with him to the forest. I don't know what made him so quiet with her; may be he wasn't in fighting humour, and may be he thought it best to get out of her way, for they say a good retreat is better than a bad fight any day. A beautiful fine day it was, sure enough; the sun was dancing through the trees, and the little birds were singing like so many pipers at a pattern, so that it was like a new life to Donagha, who, feeling the cockles of his heart rise within him, took up his bill-hook and began to work as contented as if he had nothing at home to fret him. But he wasn't long at work when he was amazed at the sound of a voice, that seemed to come out of the middle of the wood; and though it was the sweetest voice he had ever heard, he couldn't help being frightened at it too, a little, for there was something in it that

wasn't like the voice of man, woman, or child. 'Donagha! Donagha!' said the voice; but Donagha didn't much like to answer. 'Donagha!' said the voice again. He thought may be it would be better for him to speak. 'Here I am,' says he; and then the voice answered back again—'Donagha, don't be frightened,' said the voice, 'for sure I'm only St. Brandon, that's sent to tell you, because you're a good Christin and minds your duty, you shall have two wishes granted to you, so take care what you wish for, Donagha.' 'Och, success to you for one saint, anyhow,' said Donagha, as he began to work again, thinking all the time what in the wide world he had best wish for. Would he take riches for his first wish? Then what should he take for the second? A good wife—or wouldn't it be better not to have any wife at all? Well, he thought for a long time, without being able to make up his mind what to wish for.

"Night was coming on, and so Donagha, gathering a great bundle of firewood up, tied it well with his gad, and, heaving it upon his shoulder, away home with him. Donagha was fairly spent with the work of the day, so that it was no wonder he should find the load on his shoulder rather too much for him, and, stumbling with weariness, he was obliged at length to throw it down. Sitting upon his bundle, 'twas Donagha was in great botheration. The night was closing in fast, and he

knew not what kind of a welcome he 'd have before him if he either stayed out too late or returned without a full load of firing. 'Would to heaven,' says he, in his distress, and forgetting the power of his wish,—'would to heaven this brosna would carry me, instead of my being obliged to carry it!' Immediately the brosna began to move on with him, and, seated on the top of it, poor Donagha cut a mighty odd figure surely; for until he reached his own door he never stopped roaring out a thousand murders, he was so vexed with himself at having thrown away one of his wishes so foolishly. His wife Vauria (Mary) was standing at the door looking out for him, ready to give him a good saletting; but she was fairly struck dumb at seeing Donagha so queerly mounted, and at hearing him cry out in such a manner. When she came a little to herself, she asked Donagha a thousand questions about how he came to be riding upon a brosna; and poor Donagha, being so questioned, could not help telling her the whole story just as it happened. It was then that she was mad angry in earnest with him, to think that he would throw away his luck. Donagha, worn out and perplexed, was not able to bear it, and at length cried out as loud as he could, 'I wish to heaven, I wish to heaven, you old scold, that 's the plague of my life,—I wish to heaven that Ireland was between us!' No sooner said than done, for he was whipped up by a whirlwind and dropped

at the north-eastern side of Ireland, where Donaghadee now stands, and Vauria, house and all, was carried off at the same time to its most south-western spot, beyond Dingle, and not far from the great Atlantic Ocean. The place, to this day, is known by the name of Tig-na-Vauria, or Mary's house; and when people would speak of places wide asunder, it has become a sort of proverb to say, as far as Tig-na-Vauria from Donaghadee!"

HANLON'S MILL.

ONE fine summer's evening Michael Noonan went over to Jack Brien's, the shoemaker, at Ballyduff, for the pair of brogues which Jack was mending for him. It was a pretty walk the way he took, but very lonesome,—all along by the river-side, down by the oak-wood, till he came to Hanlon's mill, that used to be, but that had gone to ruin many a long year ago.

Melancholy enough the walls of that same mill looked: the great old wheel black with age, all covered over with moss and ferns, and the bushes all hanging down about it. There it stood, silent and motionless; and a sad contrast it was to its former busy clack, with the stream which once gave it use rippling idly along.

Old Hanlon was a man that had great knowledge of all sorts; there was not a herb that grew in the field but he could tell the name of it, and its use, out of a big book he had written, every word of it in the real Irish *karacter*. He kept a school once, and could teach the Latin; that surely is a blessed

tongue all over the wide world; and I hear tell as how "the great Burke" went to school to him. Master Edmund lived up at the old house there, which was then in the family, and it was the Nagles that got it afterwards, but they sold it.

But it was Michael Noonan's walk I was about speaking of. It was fairly between lights, the day was clean gone, and the moon was not yet up, when Mick was walking smartly across the Inch. Well, he heard, coming down out of the wood, such blowing of horns and hallooing, and the cry of all the hounds in the world, and he thought they were coming after him; and the galloping of the horses, and the voice of the whipper-in, and he shouted out just like the fine old song—

"Hallo! Piper, Lily, agus Finder,"

and the echo over from the grey rock across the river giving back every word as plainly as it was spoken. But nothing could Mick see, and the shouting and hallooing following him every step of the way till he got up to Jack Brien's door; and he was certain, too, he heard the clack of old Hanlon's mill, going through all the clatter. To be sure, he ran as fast as fear and his legs could carry him, and never once looked behind him, well knowing that the Duhallow hounds were out in quite another quarter that day, and that nothing good could come out of the noise of Hanlon's mill.

IS IT HOME YOU 'RE GOING WITH THE BROGUES?

Well, Michael Noonan got his brogues, and well heeled they were, and well pleased was he with them; when who should be seated at Jack Brien's before him, but a gossip of his, one Darby Haynes, a mighty decent man, that had a horse and cart of his own, and that used to be travelling with it, taking loads like the Royal Mail coach between Cork and Limerick; and when he was at home Darby was a near neighbour of Michael Noonan's.

"Is it home you 're going with the brogues this blessed night?" said Darby to him.

"Where else would it be?" replied Mick; "but, by my word, 'tis not across the Inch back again I 'm going, after all I heard coming here; 'tis no good that old Hanlon's mill is busy again."

"True for you," said Darby; "and may be you 'd take the horse and car home for me, Mick, by way of company, as 'tis along the road you go. I 'm waiting here to see a sister's son of mine that I expect from Kilcoleman."

"That same I 'll do," answered Mick, "with a thousand welcomes." So Mick drove the car fair and easy, knowing that the poor beast had come off a long journey; and Mick—God reward him for it!—was always tender-hearted and good to the dumb creatures.

The night was a beautiful one; the moon was better than a quarter old, and Mick, looking up at her, could not help bestowing a blessing on her

beautiful face, shining down so sweetly upon the gentle Awbeg. He had now got out of the open road, and had come to where the trees grew on each side of it: he proceeded for some space in the half-and-half light which the moon gave through them. At one time, when a big old tree got between him and the moon, it was so dark that he could hardly see the horse's head; then, as he passed on, the moonbeams would stream through the open boughs and variegate the road with lights and shades. Mick was lying down in the car at his ease, having got clear of the plantation, and was watching the bright piece of a moon in a little pool at the roadside, when he saw it disappear all of a sudden, as if a great cloud came over the sky. He turned round on his elbow to see if it was so, but how was Mick astonished at finding, close alongside of the car, a great high black coach drawn by six black horses, with long black tails reaching almost down to the ground, and a coachman dressed all in black sitting upon the box. But what surprised Mick the most was that he could see no sign of a head either upon coachman or horses. It swept rapidly by him, and he could perceive the horses raising their feet as if they were in a fine slinging trot, the coachman touching them up with his long whip, and the wheels spinning round like hoddy-doddies. Still he could hear no noise, only the regular step of his gossip Darby's horse, and

the squeaking of the gudgeons of the car, that were as good as lost entirely for want of a little grease.

Poor Mick's heart almost died within him, but he said nothing, only looked on; and the black coach swept away, and was soon lost among some distant trees. Mick saw nothing more of it, or indeed of anything else. He got home just as the moon was going down behind Mount Hillery, took the tackling off the horse, turned the beast out in the field for the night, and got to his bed.

Next morning early, he was standing at the roadside thinking of all that had happened the night before, when he saw Dan Madden, that was Mr. Wrixon's huntsman, coming on the master's best horse down the hill, as hard as ever he went at the tail of the hounds. Mick's mind instantly misgave him that all was not right, so he stood out in the very middle of the road, and caught hold of Dan's bridle when he came up.

"Mick, dear—for the love of God don't stop me!" cried Dan.

"Why, what 's the hurry?" said Mick.

"Oh, the master—he 's off—he 's off—he 'll never cross a horse again till the day of judgment!"

"Why, what would ail his honour?" said Mick; "sure it is no later than yesterday morning that I was talking to him, and he stout and hearty; and says he to me, Mick, says he——"

"Stout and hearty was he?" answered Madden;

"and was he not out with me in the kennel last night, when I was feeding the dogs? And didn't he come out to the stable, and give a ball to Peg Pullaway with his own hand, and tell me he 'd ride the old General to-day; and sure," said Dan, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his coat, "who 'd have thought that the first thing I 'd see this morning was the mistress standing at my bedside, and bidding me get up and ride off like fire for Doctor Johnson, for the master had got a fit, and"—poor Dan's grief choked his voice—"O Mick! if you have a heart in you, run over yourself, or send the gossoon for Kate Finnigan, the midwife; she 's a cruel skilful woman, and may be she might save the master till I get the doctor."

Dan struck his spurs into the hunter, and Michael Noonan flung off his newly-mended brogues and cut across the fields to Kate Finnigan's; but neither the doctor nor Katty was of any avail, and the next night's moon saw Ballygibblin—and more 's the pity—a house of mourning.

THE SONG OF THE LITTLE BIRD.

MANY years ago there was a very religious and holy man, one of the monks of a certain monastery, and he was one day kneeling at his prayers in the garden of the monastery, when he heard a little bird singing in one of the rose-trees of the garden, and there never was anything that he had heard in the world so sweet as the song of that little bird.

The holy man rose up from his knees, where he was kneeling at his prayers, to listen to its song, for he thought he never in all his life heard anything so heavenly.

And the little bird, after singing some time longer in the rose-tree, flew away to a grove at some distance from the monastery; and the holy man followed it, to listen to its singing, for he felt as if he could never be tired of listening to the sweet song that it was singing out of its little throat.

The little bird after that went away to another distant tree, and sang there for a while, and then again to another tree, and so on in the same manner, but ever further and further away from the monas-

tery, the holy man still following it further and further and further, still listening to its enchanting song.

But at last he was obliged to give up, as it was growing late in the day, and he returned to the convent. As he approached it in the evening, the sun was setting in the west, with all the most heavenly colours that were ever seen in all this world, and when he came into the convent it was nightfall.

He was quite surprised at everything he saw, for there were all strange faces about him in the monastery, such as he did not recognise, and the very place itself, and everything about it, seemed to be strangely altered, and altogether it seemed entirely different from what it was when he left in the morning, and the garden was not like the garden where he had been kneeling at his devotions when he first heard the singing of the little bird.

While he was wondering at all that he saw, one of the monks came up to him, and the holy man questioned him—

"Brother, what is the cause of all these strange changes that have taken place here since the morning?"

The monk that he spoke to seemed to wonder greatly at his question, and asked him what he meant by the changes since morning, for sure there was no change at all, all was just as before; and then he said—

"Brother, why do you ask these strange questions, and what is your name, for you wear the habit of our order, though we have never seen you before?"

So, upon this, the holy man told his name, and how he had been at mass in the chapel in the morning, before he had wandered away in the garden, listening to the song of a beautiful bird that was singing among the rose-trees, near where he was kneeling at his prayers.

And the brother, while he was speaking, gazed at him very earnestly, and then told him that there was in the convent a tradition of a brother of his name who had left it two hundred years before, but that what had become of him was never known.

And while he was speaking, the holy man said—

"My hour of death is come; blessed be the name of the Lord for all His mercies to me, through the merits of His only-begotten Son."

And he kneeled down that very moment, and said—

"Brother, take my confession, and give me absolution, for my soul is departing."

And he made his confession, and received his absolution, and was anointed, and before midnight he died.

The little bird was an angel, one of the cherubim or seraphim, and that was the way that the Almighty was pleased in His mercy to take to Himself the soul of that holy man.

THE ROCK OF THE CANDLE.

A FEW miles west of Limerick stands the once formidable castle of Carrigogunnel. Its riven tower and broken archway remain in mournful evidence of the sieges sustained by that city. Time, however, the great soother of all things, has destroyed the painful effect which the view of recent violence produces on the mind. The ivy creeps around the riven tower, concealing its injuries, and upholding it by a tough swathing of stalks; the archway is again united by the long-armed brier which grows across the rent; and the shattered buttresses are decorated with wild-flowers, which gaily spring from their crevices and broken places.

Boldly situated on a rock, the ruined walls of Carrigogunnel now form only a romantic feature in the peaceful landscape. Beneath them, on one side, lies the flat marshy ground called Corkass Land, which borders the noble river Shannon; on the other side is seen the neat parish church of Kilkeedy, with its glebe-house and surrounding improvements; and at a short distance appear the

irregular mud cabins of the little village of Ballybrown, with the venerable trees of Tervoo.

On the rock of Carrigogunnel, before the castle was built, or Brian Boro born to build it, dwelt a hag named Grana, who made desolate the surrounding country. She was gigantic in size, and frightful in appearance. Her eyebrows grew into each other with a grim curve, and beneath their matted bristles, deeply sunk in her head, two small grey eyes darted forth baneful looks of evil. From her deeply wrinkled forehead issued forth a hooked beak, dividing two shrivelled cheeks. Her skinny lips curled with a cruel and malignant expression, and her prominent chin was studded with bunches of grizzly hair.

Death was her sport. Like the angler with his rod, the hag Grana would toil and watch, nor think it labour, so that the death of a victim rewarded her vigils. Every evening did she light an enchanted candle upon the rock, and whoever looked upon it died before the next morning's sun arose. Numberless were the victims over whom Grana rejoiced; one after the other had seen the light, and their death was the consequence. Hence came the country around to be desolate, and Carrigogunnel, the Rock of the Candle, by its dreaded name.

Those were fearful times to live in. But the Finnii of Erin were the avengers of the oppressed. Their fame had gone forth to distant shores, and

their deeds were sung by a hundred bards. To them the name of danger was as an invitation to a rich banquet. The web of enchantment stopped their course as little as the swords of an enemy. Many a mother of a son—many a wife of a husband—many a sister of a brother—had the valour of the Finnian heroes bereft. Dismembered limbs quivered, and heads bounded on the ground, before their progress in battle. They rushed forward with the strength of the furious wind, tearing up the trees of the forest by their roots. Loud was their warcry as the thunder, raging was their impetuosity above that of the common men, and fierce was their anger as the stormy waves of the ocean!

It was the mighty Finn himself who lifted up his voice, and commanded the fatal candle of the hag Grana to be extinguished. "Thine, Regan, be the task," he said; and to him he gave a cap thrice-charmed by the magician Luno of Lochlin.

With the star of the same evening the candle of death burned on the rock, and Regan stood beneath it. Had he beheld the slightest glimmer of its blaze, he too would have perished, and the hag Grana, with the morning's dawn, rejoiced over his corse. When Regan looked toward the light, the charmed cap fell over his eyes and prevented his seeing. The rock was steep, but he climbed up its craggy side with such caution and dexterity

THE WARRIOR, WITH AVERTED HEAD, SEIZED THE CANDLE.

that, before the hag was aware, the warrior, with averted head, had seized the candle and flung it with prodigious force into the river Shannon, the hissing waters of which quenched its light for ever!

Then flew the charmed cap from the eyes of Regan, and he beheld the enraged hag, with outstretched arms, prepared to seize and hurl him after her candle. Regan instantly bounded westward from the rock just two miles, with a wild and wondrous spring. Grana looked for a moment at the leap, and then tearing up a huge fragment of the rock, flung it after Regan with such tremendous force that her crooked hands trembled and her broad chest heaved with heavy puffs, like a smith's labouring bellows, from the exertion.

The ponderous stone fell harmless to the ground, for the leap of Regan far exceeded the strength of the furious hag. In triumph he returned to Finn,

> "The hero, valiant, renowned, and learned;
> White-tooth'd, graceful, magnanimous, and active."

The hag Grana was never heard of more; but the stone remains, and deeply imprinted in it is still to be seen the mark of the hag's fingers. That stone is far taller than the tallest man, and the power of forty men would fail to move it from the spot where it fell.

The grass may wither around it, the spade and plough destroy dull heaps of earth, the walls of castles fall and perish, but the fame of the Finnii of Erin endures with the rocks themselves, and *Clough-a-Regaun* is a monument fitting to preserve the memory of the deed.

THE LEGEND OF KNOCKGRAFTON.

THERE was once a poor man who lived in the fertile glen of Aherlow, at the foot of the gloomy Galtee Mountains, and he had a great hump on his back; he looked just as if his body had been rolled up and placed upon his shoulders, and his head was pressed down with the weight so much that his chin, when he was sitting, used to rest upon his knees for support. The country-people were rather shy of meeting him in any lonesome place; for though, poor creature, he was as harmless and as inoffensive as a new-born infant, yet his deformity was so great that he scarcely appeared to be a human creature, and some ill-minded persons had set strange stories about him afloat. He was said to have a great knowledge of herbs and charms; but certain it was that he had a mighty skilful hand in plaiting straw and rushes into hats and baskets, which was the way he made his livelihood.

Lusmore, for that was the nickname put upon him by reason of his always wearing a sprig of the fairy cap, or lusmore, in his little straw hat, would

ever get a higher penny for his plaited work than any one else, and perhaps that was the reason why some one, out of envy, had circulated the strange stories about him. Be that as it may, it happened that he was returning one evening from the pretty town of Cahir towards Cappagh, and as little Lusmore walked very slowly, on account of the great hump upon his back, it was quite dark when he came to the old moat of Knockgrafton, which stood on the right-hand side of his road. Tired and weary was he, and no way comfortable in his own mind at thinking how much further he had to travel, and that he should be walking all the night; so he sat down under the moat to rest himself, and began looking mournfully enough upon the moon, which,

"Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent Queen, unveiled her peerless light,
O'er the dark heaven her silver mantle threw,
And in her pale dominion checked the night."

Presently there rose a wild strain of unearthly melody upon the ear of little Lusmore; he listened, and he thought that he had never heard such ravishing music before. It was like the sound of many voices, each mingling and blending with the other so strangely that they seemed to be one, though all singing different strains; and the words of the song were these—

"*Da Luan, Da Mort, Da Luan, Da Mort, Da Luan, Da Mort,*"

when there would be a moment's pause, and then the round of melody went on again.

Lusmore listened attentively, scarcely drawing his breath lest he might lose the slightest note. He now plainly perceived that the singing was within the moat; and though at first it had charmed him so much, he began to get tired of hearing the same round sung over and over so often without any change; so availing himself of the pause, when the *Da Luan, Da Mort* had been sung three times, he took up the tune, and raised it with the words *augus Da Cadine*, and then went on singing with the voices inside of the moat, *Da Luan, Da Mort*, finishing the melody, when the pause again came, with *augus Da Cadine*.

The fairies within Knockgrafton, for the song was a fairy melody, when they heard this addition to their tune, were so much delighted, that, with instant resolve, it was determined to bring the mortal among them, whose musical skill so far exceeded theirs, and little Lusmore was conveyed into their company with the eddying speed of a whirlwind.

Glorious to behold was the sight that burst upon him as he came down through the moat, twirling round and round and round, with the lightness of a straw, to the sweetest music that kept time to his motion. The greatest honour was then paid him, for he was put above all the musicians, and he

had servants tending upon him, and everything to his heart's content, and a hearty welcome to all, —and, in short, he was made as much of as if he had been the first man in the land.

Presently Lusmore saw a great consultation going forward among the fairies, and, notwithstanding all their civility, he felt very much frightened, until one stepping out from the rest came up to him and said—

"Lusmore! Lusmore!
Doubt not, nor deplore,
For the hump which you bore
On your back is no more;
Look down on the floor
And view it, Lusmore!"

When these words were said, poor little Lusmore felt himself so light and so happy, that he thought he could have bounded at one jump over the moon, like the cow in the history of the cat and the fiddle, and he saw, with inexpressible pleasure, his hump tumble down upon the ground from his shoulders. He then tried to lift up his head, and he did so with becoming caution, fearing that he might knock it against the ceiling of the grand hall where he was; he looked round and round again with the greatest wonder and delight upon everything, which appeared more and more beautiful; and, overpowered at beholding such a resplendent scene, his head grew dizzy and his eyesight became dim. At last he fell into a sound sleep,

and when he awoke he found that it was broad daylight, the sun shining brightly, the birds singing sweetly, and that he was lying just at the foot of the moat of Knockgrafton, with the cows and sheep grazing peacefully round about him. The first thing Lusmore did, after saying his prayers, was to put his hand behind to feel for his hump; but no sign of one was there on his back, and he looked at himself with great pride, for he had now become a well-shaped dapper little fellow, and, more than that, found himself in a full suit of new clothes, which he concluded the fairies had made for him.

Towards Cappagh he went, stepping out as lightly, and springing up at every step, as if he had been all his life a dancing-master. Not a creature who met Lusmore knew him without his hump, and he had great work to persuade every one that he was the same man—in truth he was not, so far as outward appearance went.

Of course it was not long before the story of Lusmore's hump got about, and a great wonder was made of it. Through the country, for miles round, it was the talk of every one, high and low.

One morning, as Lusmore was sitting contented enough at his cabin door, up came an old woman to him, and asked him if he could direct her to Cappagh.

"I need give you no directions, my good woman," said Lusmore, "for this is Cappagh; and whom may you want here?"

"I have come," said the woman, "out of Decies' country, in the County Waterford, looking after one Lusmore, who, I have heard tell, had his hump taken off by the fairies; for there is the son of a gossip of mine who has got a hump on him that will be his death, and may be, if he could use the same charm as Lusmore, the hump might be taken off him. And now I have told you the reason of my coming so far: 'tis to find out about this charm, if I can."

Lusmore, who was ever a good-natured little fellow, told the woman all the particulars,—how he had raised the tune for the fairies at Knockgrafton, how his hump had been removed from his shoulders, and how he had got a new suit of clothes into the bargain.

The woman thanked him very much, and then went away quite happy and easy in her own mind. When she came back to her gossip's house, in the County Waterford, she told her everything that Lusmore had said, and they put the little hump-backed man, who was a peevish and cunning creature from his birth, upon a car, and took him all the way across the country. It was a long journey, but they did not care for that, so the hump was taken from off him; and they brought him, just at nightfall, and left him under the old moat of Knockgrafton.

Jack Madden, for that was the humpy man's name, had not been sitting there long when he

heard the tune going on within the moat much sweeter than before; for the fairies were singing it the way Lusmore had settled their music for them, and the song was going on: *Da Luan, Da Mort, Da Luan, Da Mort, Da Luan, Da Mort, augus Da Cadine,* without ever stopping. Jack Madden, who was in a great hurry to get quit of his hump, never thought of waiting until the fairies had done, or watching for a fitting opportunity to raise the tune higher again than Lusmore had; so having heard them sing it over seven times without stopping, out he bawls, never minding the time or the humour of the tune, or how he could bring his words in properly, *augus Da Cadine, augus Da Hena,* thinking that if one day was good, two were better, and that if Lusmore had one new suit of clothes given him, he should have two.

No sooner had the words passed his lips than he was taken up and whisked into the moat with prodigious force, and the fairies came crowding round about him with great anger, screeching and screaming, and roaring out, "Who spoiled our tune? who spoiled our tune?" and one stepped up to him above all the rest, and said—

"Jack Madden, Jack Madden!
Your words came so bad in
The tune we feel glad in;—
This castle you 're had in,
That your life we may sadden;
Here 's two humps for Jack Madden!"—

and twenty of the strongest fairies brought Lusmore's hump and put it down upon poor Jack's back, over his own, where it became fixed as firmly as if it was nailed on with twelvepenny nails by the best carpenter that ever drove one. Out of their castle they then kicked him; and in the morning, when Jack Madden's mother and her gossip came to look after their little man, they found him half dead, lying at the foot of the moat, with the other hump upon his back. Well, to be sure, how they did look at each other! but they were afraid to say anything, lest a hump might be put upon their own shoulders. Home they brought the unlucky Jack Madden with them, as downcast in their hearts and their looks as ever two gossips were; and what through the weight of his other hump, and the long journey, he died soon after, leaving, they say, his heavy curse to any one who would go to listen to fairy tunes again.

FUIN MAC CUMHAL AND THE SALMON OF KNOWLEDGE.

In days of yore, Cormac, son of Art, ruled Ireland, and a hospitable prince was he. His house was always open, and many were the retainers kept in his hall, and thereby, like many modern princes, his expenses outran both his ready money and his tardy credit, and he was at his wits' end how to supply with meat and strong drink those who honoured his quality by feeding at his expense.

After all, the most obvious recipe that can occur to any prince, when desirous of aggrandising himself, is to go to war with one of his neighbours.

Now, Fiachadh Muilliathan, King of Munster, had some fat pasture-lands on the banks of the Suir, which preserve their credit for fertility unto this day, and go under the name of the "Golden Vein." On these plentiful plains Cormac cast his longing eye, assuring himself that were he once possessed of such mensal lands, he should never want a sirloin or a basin of beef to grace his board. Go to war, therefore, he should; but withal, Fiachadh of

Munster was potent and wise, and he valued those fields as the apple of his eye, and his merry men of Ormond and Desmond were as fond of fighting as their descendants are at this very day.

In this difficulty Cormac resorted for advice to a Druid, who was a Caledonian, for even in those foreign days the Scotch were fond of foreign travel, and were everywhere at hand to give advice to those that could pay for it; and he, being an enchanter and depositary of old prophecies, told the King that in one of those rivers that run underground in the western land now called Mayo, and not far from that lofty mountain now called Croagh Patrick, there was a salmon, which, if caught and eaten, would communicate such wisdom, prowess, and good fortune to the eater, that from that day forth fame and prosperity would attend him in all his wars. You may be sure Cormac lost no time in setting out on his fishing excursion into Connaught, according to all the directions of his adviser. He came to the banks of a river that rises in the mountain-chain surrounding the rock of Croagh Patrick, and, pursuing the river's course through a fertile valley, he at length came to where the turbulent stream falls into a fearful cavern and is lost, to be seen no more. Whether it seeks by some unknown passage the depths of the ocean, or whether it plunges into the depths of the earth's

FOR MANY A FINE FISH THEY CAUGHT.

abyss and goes to cool the raging of its central fires, has never yet been ascertained.

Close to the jaws of the engulfing cavern there is a dark, deep pool, where the stream, as if in terror, whirls about in rapid eddies, and here, amidst multitudes of fish, it was supposed the Salmon of Knowledge spent his days. On the banks of this pool Cormac and his Caledonian adviser sat day after day, and complain they could not of want of sport, for many a fine fish they caught and broiled on the live coals which they kept for their accommodation on the bank. But still Cormac became not a whit the wiser; and he at length grew so tired of fish, it palled so much upon his appetite, that the Milesian monarch began to sigh after the fat mutton that the broad pastures of Tara supplied.

At length the fish were caught with such rapidity that if he might get the wisdom of Solomon he could not be brought to taste of every one taken in this populous pool. And now he and his adviser presumed to make selections, and applying the arbitrary principles of physiognomy to fish, ventured to throw back some into the stream, while others, as more plump and well favoured, were elected to the honour of being broiled; and here, methinks, the discretion of the King and his Druid was not evinced, for many a time and oft ugly heads contain capacious brains, and sleek skins fail to enclose

shining intellects. So it proved here; for one evening a little fish was taken—a poor, long, lank, spent thing, with a hooked snout, just such another as a poacher spears by the light of a blazing wisp of potato-stalks on a dark night in October. Now, who would suppose that any one who had his pick and choice would think of feeding on a spent salmon? So this good-for-nothing fish was thrown on the bank, leaving it to its own fancy to bounce and wriggle back into the river; and just as it was in the very act of eloping into the stream, an idle "gorsoon," who was looking on, caught it by the gills, and says he to himself, "Though this be not plump enough for a king's palate, it may not come amiss to me." So, choosing a snug place behind a rock, just within the cavern's mouth, he blew up a fire and set about to broil his fish. Now it is time to tell who this *boy* was, for questionless his match Ireland has not produced from that day to this. No one else was he than the famous Fuin, the son of Cumhal, and grandson of Trein the Big, who was sent to those shores of the Western Sea, from his native hills of Almhuin, in order to save him from the enchantments of the tribe of Morni, who sought to take his life; and there he lived sporting along those wild hills, and there he might have died, unknowing and unknown, were it not for the circumstance I now record. Thank, therefore, he may his stars that he was not so squeamish in the choice

of his fish as King Cormac. So, having lighted his fire, he was not long in clapping his salmon, all alive as it was, on the coals, for, alas! sportsmen, as well as cooks, think little of the pain they may inflict on the fowl or fish. And thus on the live coals the poor animal was not long until a great swelling blister arose by the force of the fire on its heretofore bright and silver side; and Fuin, seeing the broiling salmon, was uneasy, not at its suffering, but in apprehension lest all the nutritious juices of his game should be wasted in the fire if the blister should rise any more. So, pressing his left thumb to it he caused it to burst, and the said thumb feeling a sensation of burning, he claps it into his mouth to cool. And oh, what a change! He, who until that moment was as little troubled with knowledge as with care, and, as the saying is, "knew not a B from a bull's foot," the instant his thumb came between his teeth he felt as wise and prudent as if he were a hundred years old. All his future glories, all the failures of his foes, and all his own achievements flashed before his eyes, and he saw prospectively that Ireland and Caledonia would ring with his fame, and both contend for the honour of having given him birth.

Thus it was that Fuin Mac Cumhal, not King Cormac, happened on the Salmon of Knowledge, and time and your patience would fail me to recount all his succeeding renowned deeds.

LEGEND OF GARADH DUFF.

HAVING rested myself sufficiently, I proceeded with my guide through the graveyard towards the highest of the ruined churches of Glendalough, which is called the cathedral. In passing along, my guide directed my attention to an old gravestone with a round hole in it.

"This, sir," said he, "is the tomb of Garadh Duff, or Black and Yellow, the horse-stealer, whom St. Kevin killed for telling him a lie. It happened as follows :—

"Black and Yellow one day was coming over the ford, then above, not far from Lough-na-peche, riding a fine black mare, with a foal at her foot, and meeting the saint, blessed Kevin asked him—

"'Where, Garadh, did you get that fine beast?'

"'Oh! I bought her from one of the Byrnes.'

"'That's a lie, I know by your face, you thief.'

"'Oh, may I never stir out of this spot,' says Garadh, 'if what I say is not true.'

"'Dare you tell me so? Now, in order to make a liar and a holy show of you to the world's end,

I'll fix your foal and mare there in that rock, and the print of their hoofs shall remain for ever, and you yourself must die and go to purgatory.'

"'Well, if I must die,' said the thief, 'please me, holy father, in one thing. Bury me in your own churchyard, and leave a hole in my tombstone, so that if any stray horse or cow should pass by, I may just push up my arm and make a snap at its leg, if it was nothing else but to remind me of my humour, and that I may keep my temper during the long day of the grave.'"

THE YOUNG PIPER.

THERE lived not long since, on the borders of the County Tipperary, a decent honest couple, whose names were Mick Flanigan and Judy Muldoon. These poor people were blessed, as the saying is, with four children, all boys: three of them were as fine, stout, healthy, good-looking children as ever the sun shone upon; and it was enough to make any Irishman proud of the breed of his countrymen to see them about one o'clock on a fine summer's day standing at their father's cabin door, with their beautiful flaxen hair hanging in curls about their heads and their cheeks like two rosy apples, and big laughing potatoes smoking in their hands. A proud man was Mick of these fine children, and a proud woman, too, was Judy; and reason enough they had to be so. But it was far otherwise with the remaining one, which was the third eldest: he was the most miserable, ugly, ill-conditioned brat that ever God put life into; he was so ill-thriven that he never was able to stand alone, or to leave his cradle; he had long, shaggy, matted, curled hair,

as black as any raven; his face was of a greenish-yellow colour; his eyes were like two burning coals, and were for ever moving in his head, as if they had the perpetual motion. Before he was a twelvemonth old he had a mouth full of great teeth; his hands were like kite's claws, and his legs were no thicker than the handle of a whip, and about as straight as a reaping-hook; to make the matter worse, he ate like a cormorant, and the whinge, and the yelp, and the screech, and the yowl were never out of his mouth.

The neighbours all suspected that he was something not right, particularly as it was observed, when people, as they do in the country, got about the fire, and began to talk of religion and good things, the brat, as he lay in the cradle, which his mother generally put near the fireplace that he might be snug, used to sit up, as they were in the middle of their talk, and begin to bellow as if the devil was in him in right earnest;—this, as I said, led the neighbours to think that all was not right, and there was a general consultation held one day about what would be best to do with him. Some advised putting him out on the shovel, but Judy's pride was up at that. A pretty thing indeed, that a child of hers should be put on a shovel and flung out on the dunghill just like a dead kitten or a poisoned rat; no, no, she would not hear to that at all. One old woman, who was considered very

skilful and knowing in fairy matters, strongly recommended her to put the tongs in the fire and heat them red-hot, and to take his nose in them, and that would beyond all manner of doubt make him tell what he was and where he came from (for the general suspicion was that he had been changed by the good people); but Judy was too soft-hearted, and too fond of the imp, so she would not give in to this plan, though everybody said she was wrong. And may be she was, but it's hard to blame a mother. Well, some advised one thing, and some another; at last one spoke of sending for the priest, who was a very holy and a very learned man, to see it. To this Judy of course had no objection; but one thing or other always prevented her doing so, and the upshot of the business was that the priest never saw him.

Things went on in the old way for some time longer. The brat continued yelping and yowling, and eating more than his three brothers put together, and playing all sorts of unlucky tricks, for he was mighty mischievously inclined, till it happened one day that Tim Carrol, the blind piper, going his rounds, called in and sat down by the fire to have a bit of chat with the woman of the house. So after some time Tim, who was no churl of his music, yoked on the pipes, and began to bellows away in high style; when the instant he began, the young fellow, who had been lying as still as a mouse in his cradle, sat up,

began to grin and twist his ugly face, to swing about his long tawny arms, and to kick out his crooked legs, and to show signs of great glee at the music. At last nothing would serve him but he should get the pipes into his own hands, and to humour him his mother asked Tim to lend them to the child for a minute. Tim, who was kind to children, readily consented, and as Tim had not his sight, Judy herself brought them to the cradle, and went to put them on him; but she had no occasion, for the youth seemed quite up to the business. He buckled on the pipes, set the bellows under one arm and the bag under the other, worked them both as knowingly as if he had been twenty years at the business, and lilted up *Sheela na guira* in the finest style imaginable.

All were in astonishment: the poor woman crossed herself. Tim, who, as I said before, was *dark*, and did not well know who was playing, was in great delight; and when he heard that it was a little *prechan* not five years old that had never seen a set of pipes in his life, he wished the mother joy of her son, offered to take him off her hands if she would part with him, swore he was a *born* piper, a natural *genus*, and declared that in a little time more, with the help of a little good instruction from himself, there would not be his match in the whole country. The poor woman was greatly delighted to hear all this, particularly as what Tim said about natural

genus quieted some misgivings that were rising in her mind lest what the neighbours said about his not being right might be too true; and it gratified her, moreover, to think that her dear child (for she really loved the whelp) would not be forced to turn out and beg, but might earn decent bread for himself. So when Mick came home in the evening from his work, she up and told him all that had happened, and all that Tim Carrol had said; and Mick, as was natural, was very glad to hear it, for the helpless condition of the poor creature was a great trouble to him. So next day he took the pig to the fair, and with what it brought set off to Clonmel, and bespoke a brand-new set of pipes, of the proper size for him.

In about a fortnight the pipes came home, and the moment the chap in his cradle laid eyes on them he squealed with delight, and threw up his pretty legs, and bumped himself in his cradle, and went on with a great many comical tricks; till at last, to quiet him, they gave him the pipes, and he immediately set to and pulled away at *Jig Polthog*, to the admiration of all that heard him.

The fame of his skill on the pipes soon spread far and near, for there was not a piper in the six next counties could come at all near him in *Old Moderagh rue*, or *The Hare in the Corn*, or *The Fox-hunter Jig*, or *The Rakes of Cashel*, or *The Piper's Maggot*, or any of the fine Irish jigs, which make people dance whether they will or no: and it was surprising to

hear him rattle away *The Fox-hunt*; you 'd really think you heard the hounds giving tongue, and the terriers yelping always behind, and the huntsman and the whippers-in cheering or correcting the dogs; it was, in short, the very next thing to seeing the hunt itself.

The best of him was, he was noways stingy of his music, and many a merry dance the boys and girls of the neighbourhood used to have in his father's cabin; and he would play up music for them that they said used, as it were, to put quicksilver in their feet, and they all declared they never moved so light and so airy to any piper's playing that ever they danced to.

But besides all his fine Irish music, he had one queer tune of his own, the oddest that ever was heard, for the moment he began to play it everything in the house seemed disposed to dance; the plates and porringers used to jingle on the dresser, the pots and pot-hooks used to rattle in the chimney, and people used even to fancy they felt the stools moving from under them; but, however it might be with the stools, it is certain that no one could keep long sitting on them, for both old and young always fell to capering as hard as ever they could. The girls complained that when he began this tune it always threw them out in their dancing, and that they never could handle their feet rightly, for they felt the floor like ice under them, and themselves

every moment ready to come sprawling on their backs or their faces. The young bachelors that wished to show off their dancing and their new pumps, and their bright red or green and yellow garters, swore that it confused them so that they never could go rightly through the *heel and toe* or *cover the buckle*, or any of their best steps, but felt themselves always all bedizzied and bewildered, and then old and young would go jostling and knocking together in a frightful manner; and when the unlucky brat had them all in this way, whirligigging about the floor, he 'd grin and chuckle and chatter for all the world like Jacko the monkey when he has played off some of his roguery.

The older he grew the worse he grew, and by the time he was six years old there was no standing the house for him; he was always making his brothers burn or scald themselves, or break their shins over the pots and stools. One time, in harvest, he was left at home by himself, and when his mother came in she found the cat a horseback on the dog, with her face to the tail, and her legs tied round him, and the urchin playing his queer tune to them, so that the dog went barking and jumping about, and puss was mewing for the dear life, and slapping her tail backwards and forwards, which, as it would hit against the dog's chaps, he 'd snap at and bite, and then there was the phillilloo. Another time, the farmer Mick worked with—a very decent, respectable

man—happened to call in, and Judy wiped a stool with her apron, and invited him to sit down and rest himself after his walk. He was sitting with his back to the cradle, and behind him was a pan of blood, for Judy was making pig's puddings. The lad lay quite still in his nest, and watched his opportunity, till he got ready a hook at the end of a piece of twine, which he contrived to fling so handily that it caught in the bob of the man's nice new wig, and soused it in the pan of blood. Another time his mother was coming in from milking the cow, with the pail on her head; the minute he saw her he lilted up his infernal tune, and the poor woman, letting go the pail, clapped her hands aside, and began to dance a jig, and tumbled the milk all atop of her husband, who was bringing in some turf to boil the supper. In short, there would be no end to telling all his pranks, and all the mischievous tricks he played.

Soon after, some mischances began to happen to the farmer's cattle. A horse took the staggers, a fine veal calf died of the black-leg, and some of his sheep of the red-water; the cows began to grow vicious and to kick down the milk-pails, and the roof of one end of the barn fell in; and the farmer took it into his head that Mick Flanigan's unlucky child was the cause of all the mischief. So one day he called Mick aside, and said to him, "Mick, you see things are not going on with me as they ought,

and to be plain with you, Mick, I think that child of yours is the cause of it. I am really falling away to nothing with fretting, and I can hardly sleep on my bed at night for thinking of what may happen before the morning. So I 'd be glad if you 'd look out for work somewhere else; you 're as good a man as any in the country, and there 's no fear but you 'll have your choice of work." To this Mick replied that "he was sorry for his losses, and still sorrier that he or his should be thought to be the cause of them; that for his own part he was not quite easy in his mind about that child, but he had him and so must keep him," and he promised to look out for another place immediately.

Accordingly, next Sunday at chapel Mick gave out that he was about leaving the work at John Riordan's, and immediately a farmer, who lived a couple of miles off, and who wanted a ploughman (the last one having just left him), came up to Mick, and offered him a house and garden, and work all the year round. Mick, who knew him to be a good employer, immediately closed with him; so it was agreed that the farmer should send a car to take his little bit of furniture, and that he should remove on the following Thursday.

When Thursday came, the car came according to promise, and Mick loaded it, and put the cradle with the child and his pipes on the top, and Judy sat beside it to take care of him, lest he should

tumble out and be killed. They drove the cow before them, the dog followed, but the cat was of course left behind (it is a piece of superstition with the Irish never to take a cat with them when they are removing); and the other three children went along the road picking skeehories (haws) and blackberries, for it was a fine day towards the latter end of harvest.

They had to cross the river, but as it ran through a bottom between two high banks, you did not see it till you were close on it. The young fellow was lying pretty quiet in the bottom of his cradle, till they came to the head of the bridge, when, hearing the roaring of the water (for there was a great flood in the river, as it had rained heavily for the last two or three days), he sat up in his cradle and looked about him; and the instant he got a sight of the water, and found they were going to take him across it, oh, how he did bellow and how he did squeal! no rat caught in a snap-trap ever sang out equal to him. "Whisht! a lanna," said Judy, "there 's no fear of you; sure it 's only over the stone bridge we 're going."

"Bad luck to you, you old rip!" cried he; "what a pretty trick you 've played me, to bring me here!" and still went on yelling, and the further they got on the bridge the louder he yelled; till at last Mick could hold out no longer, so giving him a great skelp of the whip he had in his hand, "Devil choke

you, you brat!" said he, "will you never stop bawling? a body can't hear their ears for you." The moment he felt the thong of the whip he leaped up in the cradle, clapped the pipes under his arm, gave a most wicked grin at Mick, and jumped clean over the battlements of the bridge down into the water. "O my child, my child!" shouted Judy, "he 's gone for ever from me." Mick and the rest of the children ran to the other side of the bridge, and looking over, they saw him coming out from under the arch of the bridge, sitting cross-legged on the top of a white-headed wave, and playing away on the pipes as merrily as if nothing had happened. The river was running very rapidly, so he was whirled away at a great rate; but he played as fast, ay, and faster, than the river ran; and though they set off as hard as they could along the bank, yet, as the river made a sudden turn round the hill, about a hundred yards below the bridge, by the time they got there he was out of sight, and no one ever laid eyes on him more; but the general opinion was that he went home with the pipes to his own relations, the good people, to make music for them.

PLAYING AWAY ON THE PIPES.

THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN OF SHANACLOCH.

"LONG an' merry ago, when *Shemish-a-cocca,* that lost old Ireland—bad cess to him!—was fighting it with some Orangeman or other that kem from England, with a great army, to destroy the Pope and the Catholics, Shanacloch, that then belonged to the Barrys (the rap M'Adamces), was garrishoned with stout boys, that defended the place for James, and well, in their way, they wor to spill their blood, like ditch-wather, for the bad bird that befoulded his own nest. The great guns were planted against the castle over-right us there at Bushy-park, and they roared night and day; but though the bullets battered the walls, and did a power of damage, the boys at Shanacloch ped thim off in their own coin. So, my dear, one dark night they stole upon the castle, being determined by all accounts to take the Barrys at an *amplush,* but they peppered thim with bullets from the port-holes; and whin the inimy drew off, they followed thim down the big field to the Bride, and, *ma-vrone,* the battle-axes of the

Barrys used to strike off heads and arms like tops o' thistles, and they pursued them into the river, and the Bride, that this blessed night is so muddy an' dark, was thin red with blood. Soon after the English captain hoist his sails, and off with him, horse an' foot, with a flay in his ear. But, as the *bodachs* wor passing through Bunkilly in their way to Mallow, a man kim against thim, mounted on a black horse, with a great parcel of brogues in a kist.

"'Hilloa, frind!' says the captain, 'who are you, and where might you be throtting to at that rate?'

"'I'm an honest brogue-maker, saving your honour's presence, and carrying this kist of brogues to the garrishon at Shanacloch,' says the horseman.

"'Will you come back to-night?' says the captain.

"'Is it to come back your honour manes? By Jaminie, if I put my eyes on Kippins, the boys wouldn't let me quit to-night. I'll be bail for lashings of whisky there, an' hay an' oats galore for this ould baste.'

"'Harkey, friend,' says the captain, 'you don't seem to be overburthened with money, and if you got a fistful of yellow guineas would you have any objection to do me a trifle of sarvice?'

"Well, to make my long story short, the murdhering thraitor agreed for a sum of money to betray the Barrys, and let the inimy in upon him in the dead o' the night. The poor min that wor harrashed

and worn out from long watching and constant fighting, took a dhrop extrornary for joy that the English bodachs legged it, and every man went to sleep, when the brogue-maker promised to keep watch till morning. But by the time the min wor dead asleep the English returned, and the chief of the world opened the gates, and every mother's sowl in the castle was murdered in cold blood. Eighteen Redmonds of the Barrys that were sworn to stand or fall together were stabbed (the Lord save us!) in their sleep. When this massacree was finished the brogue-maker claimed the reward, and requested to be let go, as the daylight was fast approaching.

"'I'll give you all you bargained for, an' a thrifle over,' says the captain; an' when he ped the money down on the nail, he struck off the villain's head for betraying the noble fellows, whose blood flowed through every room of the castle that night.

"From that time forward a headless horseman was seen every night riding round Shanacloch, and it is not said that he ever did the laste injury to anybody. In the coorse o' years this very house that I'm telling the story in (God bless all that's in it!) was built upon the Horseman's Walk by the masther's gran'father, and every night he entered the kitchen by the door, and wint out through the opposite wall, that closed afther him, as if no Christian sowl passed through it, and they always put out the candle, to allow him to go by unnoticed.

"But the night the masther's aunt (God rest her sowl!) was marrying, in the middle of the piping an' dancing, the horseman called out at the door—though I wonder how he could, for he had never a head upon him. The people of the wedding didn't hear, or were afeard to answer him, not knowing, poor dear people, what trouble they might be brought to. The headless horseman of Shanacloch was never seen or heard of since. They say his time was out, and his horrible threachery atoned for, and that on this last night he came to thank them for their past kindness to him.

"Thanks be to Heaven, spirits and ghosts are going away very fast, bekase wars and murdhers are at an ind, and the clargy—more power to 'em!—has sent a great many sowls to the Red Say."

LEGEND OF BOTTLE-HILL.

It was in the good days when the little people, most impudently called fairies, were more frequently seen than they are in these unbelieving times, that a farmer, named Mick Purcell, rented a few acres of barren ground in the neighbourhood of the once celebrated preceptory of Mourne, situated about three miles from Mallow, and thirteen from the "beautiful city called Cork." Mick had a wife and family. They all did what they could, and that was but little, for the poor man had no child grown up big enough to help him in his work, and all the poor woman could do was to mind the children, and to milk the one cow, and to boil the potatoes, and carry the eggs to market to Mallow; but with all they could do, 'twas hard enough on them to pay the rent. Well, they did manage it for a good while; but at last came a bad year, and the little grain of oats was all spoiled, and the chickens died of the pip, and the pig got the measles,—*she* was sold in Mallow, and brought almost nothing; and poor Mick

found that he hadn't enough to half pay his rent, and two gales were due.

"Why, then, Molly," says he, "what 'll we do?

"Wisha, then, mavourneen, what would you do but take the cow to the fair of Cork and sell her?" says she; "and Monday is fair day, and so you must go to-morrow, that the poor beast may be rested *again* the fair."

"And what 'll we do when she 's gone?" says Mick sorrowfully.

"Never a know I know, Mick; but sure God won't leave us without Him, Mick; and you know how good He was to us when poor little Billy was sick, and we had nothing at all for him to take,—that good doctor gentleman at Ballydahin come riding and asking for a drink of milk; and how he gave us two shillings; and how he sent the things and bottles for the child, and gave me my breakfast when I went over to ask a question, so he did; and how he came to see Billy, and never left off his goodness till he was quite well?"

"Oh! you are always that way, Molly, and I believe you are right after all, so I won't be sorry for selling the cow; but I 'll go to-morrow, and you must put a needle and thread through my coat, for you know 'tis ripp'd under the arm."

Molly told him he should have everything right; and about twelve o'clock next day he left her, getting a charge not to sell his cow except for the highest

penny. Mick promised to mind it, and went his way along the road. He drove his cow slowly through the little stream which crosses it, and runs under the old walls of Mourne. As he passed he glanced his eye upon the towers and one of the old elder-trees, which were only then little bits of switches.

"Oh, then, if I only had half the money that 's buried in you, 'tisn't driving this poor cow I 'd be now! Why, then, isn't it too bad that it should be there covered over with earth, and many a one besides me wanting it? Well, if it 's God's will, I 'll have some money myself coming back."

So saying he moved on after his beast. 'Twas a fine day, and the sun shone brightly on the walls of the old abbey as he passed under them. He then crossed an extensive mountain tract, and after six long miles he came to the top of that hill—Bottle-hill 'tis called now, but that was not the name of it then, and just there a man overtook him. "Good-morrow," says he. "Good-morrow, kindly," says Mick, looking at the stranger, who was a little man, you 'd almost call him a dwarf, only he wasn't quite so little neither; he had a bit of an old wrinkled yellow face, for all the world like a dried cauliflower, only he had a sharp little nose, and red eyes, and white hair, and his lips were not red, but all his face was one colour, and his eyes never were quiet, but looking at everything, and although they were red

they made Mick feel quite cold when he looked at them. In truth, he did not much like the little man's company; and he couldn't see one bit of his legs nor his body, for though the day was warm, he was all wrapped up in a big greatcoat. Mick drove his cow something faster, but the little man kept up with him. Mick didn't know how he walked, for he was almost afraid to look at him, and to cross himself, for fear the old man would be angry. Yet he thought his fellow-traveller did not seem to walk like other men, nor to put one foot before the other, but to glide over the rough road—and rough enough it was—like a shadow, without noise and without effort. Mick's heart trembled within him, and he said a prayer to himself, wishing he hadn't come out that day, or that he was on Fair-hill, or that he hadn't the cow to mind, that he might run away from the bad thing—when, in the midst of his fears, he was again addressed by his companion.

"Where are you going with the cow, honest man?"

"To the fair of Cork, then," says Mick, trembling at the shrill and piercing tones of the voice.

"Are you going to sell her?" said the stranger.

"Why, then, what else am I going for but to sell her?"

"Will you sell her to me?"

Mick started—he was afraid to have anything to do with the little man, and he was more afraid to say no.

I'LL GIVE YOU THIS BOTTLE.

"What 'll you give for her?" at last says he.

"I 'll tell you what, I 'll give you this bottle," said the little one, pulling a bottle from under his coat.

Mick looked at him and the bottle, and, in spite of his terror, he could not help bursting into a loud fit of laughter.

"Laugh if you will," said the little man, "but I tell you this bottle is better for you than all the money you will get for the cow in Cork—ay, than ten thousand times as much."

Mick laughed again. "Why, then," says he, "do you think I am such a fool as to give my good cow for a bottle—and an empty one, too?— indeed, then, I won't."

"You had better give me the cow, and take the bottle—you 'll not be sorry for it."

"Why, then, and what would Molly say?—I 'd never hear the end of it. And how would I pay the rent? and what would we all do without a penny of money?"

"I tell you this bottle is better to you than money—take it, and give me the cow. I ask you for the last time, Mick Purcell."

Mick started.

"How does he know my name?" thought he.

The stranger proceeded: "Mick Purcell, I know you, and I have regard for you; therefore do as I warn you, or you may be sorry for it. How do you know but your cow will die before you go to Cork?"

Mick was going to say "God forbid!" but the little man went on, and he was too attentive to say anything to stop him (for Mick was a very civil man, and he knew better than to interrupt a gentleman, and that's what many people, that hold their heads higher, don't mind now)—

"And how do you know but there will be much cattle at the fair, and you will get a bad price? Or may be you might be robbed when you are coming home. But what need I talk more to you, when you are determined to throw away your luck, Mick Purcell?"

"Oh no, I would not throw away my luck, sir," said Mick; "and if I was sure the bottle was as good as you say, though I never liked an empty bottle, although I had drunk the contents of it, I'd give you the cow in the name——"

"Never mind names," said the stranger, "but give me the cow; I would not tell you a lie. Here, take the bottle, and when you go home do what I direct exactly."

Mick hesitated.

"Well, then, good-bye, I can stay no longer. Once more, take it, and be rich; refuse it, and beg for your life, and see your children in poverty and your wife dying for want. That will happen to you, Mick Purcell!" said the little man with a malicious grin, which made him look ten times more ugly than ever.

"May be 'tis true," said Mick, still hesitating; he did not know what to do—he could hardly help believing the old man, and at length, in a fit of desperation, he seized the bottle. "Take the cow," said he, "and if you are telling a lie, the curse of the poor will be on you."

"I care neither for your curses nor your blessings, but I have spoken truth, Mick Purcell, and that you will find to-night, if you do what I tell you."

"And what's that?" says Mick.

"When you go home, never mind if your wife is angry, but be quiet yourself, and make her sweep the room clean, set the table out right, and spread a clean cloth over it; then put the bottle on the ground, saying these words: 'Bottle, do your duty,' and you will see the end of it."

"And is this all?" says Mick.

"No more," said the stranger. "Good-bye, Mick Purcell—you are a rich man."

"God grant it!" said Mick, as the old man moved after the cow, and Mick retraced the road towards his cabin; but he could not help turning back his head to look after the purchaser of his cow, who was nowhere to be seen.

"Lord between us and harm!" said Mick. "*He* can't belong to this earth; but where is the cow?" She too was gone, and Mick went homeward muttering prayers, and holding fast the bottle.

"And what would I do if it broke?" thought he.

"Oh! but I'll take care of that;" so he put it into his bosom and went on, anxious to prove his bottle, and doubting of the reception he should meet from his wife. Balancing his anxieties with his expectations, his fears with his hopes, he reached home in the evening, and surprised his wife, sitting over the turf fire in the big chimney.

"O Mick, are you come back? Sure you weren't at Cork all the way! What has happened to you? Where is the cow? Did you sell her? How much money did you get for her? What news have you? Tell us everything about it."

"Why, then, Molly, if you'll give me time, I'll tell you all about it. If you want to know where the cow is, 'tisn't Mick can tell you, for the never a know does he know where she is now."

"Oh! then, you sold her; and where's the money?"

"Arrah! stop a while, Molly, and I'll tell you all about it."

"But what bottle is that under your waistcoat?" said Molly, spying its neck sticking out.

"Why, then, be easy now, can't you?" says Mick, "till I tell it to you;" and putting the bottle on the table, "That's all I got for the cow."

His poor wife was thunderstruck. "All you got! and what good is that, Mick? Oh! I never thought you were such a fool; and what'll we do for the rent? and what——"

"Now, Molly," says Mick, "can't you hearken to reason? Didn't I tell you how the old man, or whatsoever he was, met me—no, he did not meet me neither, but he was there with me—on the big hill, and how he made me sell him the cow, and told me the bottle was the only thing for me?"

"Yes, indeed, the only thing for you, you fool!" said Molly, seizing the bottle to hurl it at her poor husband's head; but Mick caught it, and quietly (for he minded the old man's advice) loosened his wife's grasp, and placed the bottle again in his bosom. Poor Molly sat down crying, while Mick told her his story, with many a crossing and blessing between him and harm. His wife could not help believing him, particularly as she had as much faith in fairies as she had in the priest, who indeed never discouraged her belief in the fairies; may be he didn't know she believed in them, and may be he believed in them himself. She got up, however, without saying one word, and began to sweep the earthen floor with a bunch of heath; then she tidied up everything, and put out the long table, and spread the clean cloth, for she had only one, upon it, and Mick, placing the bottle on the ground, looked at it and said, "Bottle, do your duty."

"Look there! look there, mammy!" said his chubby eldest son, a boy about five years old; "look there! look there!" and he sprang to his mother's side, as two tiny little fellows rose like light from

the bottle, and in an instant covered the table with dishes and plates of gold and silver, full of the finest victuals that ever were seen, and when all was done went into the bottle again. Mick and his wife looked at everything with astonishment; they had never seen such plates and dishes before, and didn't think they could ever admire them enough; the very sight almost took away their appetites. But at length Molly said, "Come and sit down, Mick, and try and eat a bit; sure you ought to be hungry after such a good day's work."

"Why, then, the man told no lie about the bottle."

Mick sat down, after putting the children to the table, and they made a hearty meal, though they couldn't taste half the dishes.

"Now," says Molly, "I wonder will those two good little gentlemen carry away these fine things again?" They waited, but no one came; so Molly put up the dishes and plates very carefully, saying, "Why, then, Mick, that was no lie sure enough: but you'll be a rich man yet, Mick Purcell."

Mick and his wife and children went to their bed, not to sleep, but to settle about selling the fine things they did not want, and to take more land. Mick went to Cork and sold his plate, and bought a horse and cart, and began to show that he was making money, and they did all they could to keep the bottle a secret. But for all that their landlord

found it out, for he came to Mick one day and asked him where he got all his money—sure it was not by the farm; and he bothered him so much that at last Mick told him of the bottle. His landlord offered him a deal of money for it, but Mick would not give it, till at last he offered to give him all his farm for ever; so Mick, who was very rich, thought he'd never want any more money, and gave him the bottle. But Mick was mistaken—he and his family spent money as if there was no end of it; and to make the story short, they became poorer and poorer, till at last they had nothing left but one cow. And Mick once more drove his cow before him to sell her at Cork fair, hoping to meet the old man and get another bottle. It was hardly daybreak when he left home, and he walked on at a good pace till he reached the big hill. The mists were sleeping in the valleys and curling like smoke-wreaths upon the brown heath around him. The sun rose on his left, and just at his feet a lark sprang from its grassy couch and poured forth its joyous matin-song, ascending into the clear blue sky,

> "Till its form like a speck in the airiness blending,
> And, thrilling with music, was melting in light."

Mick crossed himself, listening as he advanced to the sweet song of the lark, but thinking, notwithstanding, all the time of the little old man; when, just as he reached the summit of the hill, and cast

his eyes over the extensive prospect before and around him, he was startled and rejoiced by the same well-known voice: "Well, Mick Purcell, I told you you would be a rich man."

"Indeed, then, sure enough I was, that's no lie for you, sir. Good-morning to you, but it is not rich I am now. But have you another bottle, for I want it now as much as I did long ago? so if you have it, sir, here is the cow for it."

"And here is the bottle," said the old man, smiling; "you know what to do with it."

"Oh! then, sure I do, as good right I have."

"Well, farewell for ever, Mick Purcell; I told you you would be a rich man."

"And good-bye to you, sir," said Mick, as he turned back; "and good luck to you, and good luck to the big hill—it wants a name, Bottle-hill—good-bye, sir, good-bye;" so Mick walked back as fast as he could, never looking after the white-faced little gentleman and the cow, so anxious was he to bring home the bottle. Well, he arrived with it safely enough, and called out as soon as he saw Molly, "Oh! sure, I've another bottle!"

"Arrah, then, have you? why, then, you're a lucky man, Mick Purcell, that's what you are."

In an instant she put everything right; and Mick, looking at his bottle, exultingly cried out, "Bottle, do your duty." In a twinkling two great stout men with big cudgels issued from the bottle (I do not

know how they got room in it), and belaboured poor Mick and his wife and all his family till they lay on the floor, when in they went again. Mick, as soon as he recovered, got up and looked about him; he thought and thought, and at last he took up his wife and his children, and leaving them to recover as well as they could, he took the bottle under his coat and went to his landlord, who had a great company. He got a servant to tell him he wanted to speak to him, and at last he came out to Mick.

"Well, what do you want now?"

"Nothing, sir, only I have another bottle."

"Oh-ho! is it as good as the first?"

"Yes, sir, and better; if you like, I will show it to you before all the ladies and gentlemen."

"Come along, then." So saying, Mick was brought into the great hall, where he saw his old bottle standing high up on a shelf! "Ah-ha!" says he to himself, "may be I won't have you by and by."

"Now," says his landlord, "show us your bottle." Mick set it on the floor and uttered the words. In a moment the landlord was tumbled on the floor; ladies and gentlemen, servants and all, were running, and roaring, and sprawling, and kicking, and shrieking. Wine-cups and salvers were knocked about in every direction, until the landlord called out, "Stop those two devils, Mick Purcell, or I'll have you hanged!"

"They never shall stop," said Mick, "till I get my own bottle that I see up there at top of that shelf."

"Give it down to him! give it down to him, before we are all killed!" says the landlord.

Mick put his bottle into his bosom; in jumped the two men into the new bottle, and he carried them home. I need not lengthen my story by telling how he got richer than ever, how his son married his landlord's only daughter, how he and his wife died when they were very old, and how some of the servants, fighting at their wake, broke the bottles. But still the hill has the name upon it; ay, and so 'twill be always Bottle-hill to the end of the world. And so it ought, for it is a strange story.

A PROMISE THAT HE WILL MEET HER IN THE CHURCHYARD.

THE SPECTRE OF ERIGLE TRUAGH.

In the churchyard of Erigle Truagh, in the barony of Truagh, county of Monaghan, there is said to be a spirit which appears to persons whose families are there interred. Its appearance, which is generally made in the following manner, is uniformly fatal, being an omen of death to those who are so unfortunate as to meet with it.

When a funeral takes place, it is said to watch the person who last remains in the graveyard, over whom it exercises a fascinating influence. If the person be a young man, it takes the shape of a beautiful female, inspires him with a charmed passion, and exacts a promise that he will meet her in the churchyard on a month from that day. This promise is sealed by a kiss that communicates a deadly taint to the individual who receives it. The spirit then disappears, and no sooner does the individual from whom it received the promise and the kiss pass the boundary of the churchyard than he remembers the history of the spectre—which is well known in the parish,—sinks into despair and in-

sanity, dies, and is buried in the place of appointment on the day when the promise was to have been fulfilled. If, on the contrary, it appears to a female, it assumes the form of a young man of exceeding elegance and beauty.

I was shown the grave of a young person about eighteen years of age who was said about four months before to have fallen a victim to it; and not many months previously a man in the same parish declared that he gave the promise and the fatal kiss, and consequently looked upon himself as lost. He took a fever, died, and was buried on the day appointed for the meeting, which was exactly a month from that of the interview. Incredible as it may appear, the friends of these two persons solemnly declared—at least those of the young man did to myself—that the particulars of the meeting were detailed repeatedly by the two persons without the slightest variation.

There are several cases of the same kind mentioned, but the two now alluded to are the only ones that came within my personal knowledge. It appears, however, that the spectre does not confine its operations to the churchyard only, as there have been instances mentioned of its appearance at weddings and dances, where it never failed to secure its victims by dancing them into pleuritic fevers.

THE O'DONOGHUE IN THE LAKE.

"IN the old times—God be wid them!—before the Sasenach had conquered the Milesian, or the invader had stepped upon our beautiful coast, lived O'Donoghue, a brave and mighty prince, in these parts of Lough Lane. He was as fine and as portly a man as a body could see in a day's walk; and 'twould do one's heart good to see him handle a hurdly and play at goal. Shure to see him leap and run, and hunt, and course, and swim, as I 'm tould, there was no man, at all at all, could come near him, so that 'twas given up to him to be the finest and bravest *bouhel* that was ever created. Ross Castle belonged to him, and, of course, all the estates about, and *rat* the better master ever hard a poor man's complaint. He was noways hard on the poor people, and if they couldn't pay, he wouldn't be dhriving and canting all the beasts they had in the world the very minit the gale became due. So the blessings of every cabin were always praying for every look (luck) for him and his.

"Besides all this, he knew a power that no person ever else guessed of. He was larned in every sort of books, an', in short, there was nothin' but he could do. But he sould himself, as they say, to the ould boy, and, by his manes, he was able to change himself into any shape or form that he plased. To be sure, 'twas a great gift, but it ill became so fine a gintleman to think so little of his soul.

"As I say, he sould himself; but the bargin was, that if a woman should screech while he was in the enchantment, he should give himself up to him; and well, you may be shure that for a long time O'Donoghue took very good care that there was no woman by whenever he diverted his friends by changing his appearance into whatever shapes they would be calling after. However, his fame went about increasing wonderfully, and he was the talk of every place, while there was not a *spalpeen* in the whole county that did not wonder at all that he used to do. He was goen on this way, as you may say, for some years, liven in fine style, and havin' the lade among all the princes round about, when, at last, it happened that his wife—an' 'twas she that was as fair an' as nate a *colheen* as any other in the whole world—says to him—

"'O'Donoghue, avourneen! why don't you ever show me any of your meracles that there's such talks about? Sure I could do no harm at all, an'

one would think that you'd gratify your own wife before any stranger,' says she.

"And she went on pressing him afther sich a manner that he couldn't find it in his heart to refuse her yellow locks an' her large light eyes anything at all that she'd be after axing.

"'Well, then,' says he, 'Aileen, dear, you mustn't open your mouth, nor say a single word, whatever becomes of me,' says he; 'or if you do, all is lost.'

"An' so she promised to be very quiet, an' to be frighted noways at all, an' to do whatever he tould her. Then, why, as well became him, O'Donoghue made himself into an elegant stag, an' kept leaping and running about the coort for a time, delighting all that was lookin' on. When he grew tired of that, he became the most beautifullest fish that ever you saw, an' no one knew how or what way he changed himself. Makin' a sort of a kind of a pool on the tip-top of the castle, he began swimming there, an' the castle began to go round, round, an' topsy-turvy, like a whirligig. When his lady saw the danger, she got quite beside herself, an' forgettin' all his commands, she gave a terrible screech, through the mere fright of her. An' shure enough for 'im a sore screech 'twas for her, for the ould fellow, without another word, took a leap into the lake, an' was never seen alive from that day to this."

THE LORD OF BALLYTEAGH.

EVERY man, woman, and child who lives between the Town of Hook and the Fort of Raslare can tell you all about the Lord of Ballyteagh and his cat; but if you can have no business beyond the mountain of Forth, I 'll tell you the story myself, just as I heard it, sixteen years ago, from the mouth of Dick Keating, an honest son of Crispin, who, though true to the *last*, served as a kind of living, speaking encyclopædia for the good people of Baldwinston. When I visited the shoemaker, I discovered him in the middle of half a dozen men engaged in a learned dispute.

"Tut, tut," says the shoemaker, "I wouldn't give a *traaneen* for your learning *lego* and *scribo*, since neither of you can tell me the meanen of *Moude killed Joude*, the very words which Walter Whitty spoke to his cat."

"They are Welsh," says one. "No; they are Irish," says another.

"Troth, they 're neither," says Dick; "but real ould Barneyforth, and mean 'Cat, I killed your kitten';

and faith, so he did kill her, and sore he suffered for it afterwards."

"I have heard much," said I, "of the Lord of Ballyteagh; perhaps some one present would be kind enough to inform me of the particulars."

"Oh, ay," says Dick. "The moment I last this shoe I 'll tell you all about it; and a quare story it is, but quite true for all that."

Dick, however, did not stop to last his shoe, but proceeded—

"You must know, sir, that all the people about these parts, but particularly the *hougliany* (stupid, vulgar) set in Kilmore, are the descendants of Strongbow's sogers. The Keatings, however, thank God, are of the real Irish blood. Perhaps you may have seen their coat-of-arms. It is fire and smoke, with a hand and dagger, because our family were all fine fellows. Well, sir, as you 're a stranger, and as I was sayen, Strongbow settled his followers throughout the country, where they have continued ever since, rich as Jews, but dull as bears. One of them never travelled beyond Taghmon in his life, and hundreds of them have died without ever seeing Waxford. But that's not the story. Well, sir, one of Strongbow's captains was a Whitty, and a Norman to boot. To him were given large tracts of land, and he built the castle of Ballyteagh, and ruled over all Kilmore. Twenty years after his landing he was killed defending his castle against

the O'Kavanagh's, who then ruled over Mount Leinster. His son, however, succeeded in beating back the Irish, and for the great valour he displayed he was knighted, and called ever after Sir Walter Whitty. He was a rollaking fine fellow, and spent all his time in sporting and fishing; and a fine place he lived in for that purpose, for Ballyteagh beats Bannagher for wild-fowl.

"Well, the Lord Ballyteagh, as Sir Walter was called, was young and handsome, and you may be sure he wanted a wife, as why but he would, as he had a mighty fine castle to take her to. He looked about him, and soon fixed upon Lady Devereux, the heiress of Ballymaghear, who lived in the castle, now the house of Sir Edward Loftus. The Devereux were also Strongbonians, and came from Normandy, some country abroad. Between the two castles runs, as you may see, the Little Sea, and Sir Walter, whenever he went to see his lady, had to cross this in a boat. Sometimes he had attendants and sometimes he had none, for what did a sprightly young fellow like him want with a sarvant? One night he stopped rather late at the Devereux's, and when he reached the water-side he found a great storm. The waves ran mountains high, and the lightning was enough to blind a man. Sir Walter, though a brave heeram-skeeram fellow, was frightened, and what was more, he couldn't find his boat. So, bedad, he bethought himself of turn-

ing back and spenden the night at Ballymaghear. 'Twas easier said than done, for he missed his way, and no wonder, for the slobs is a wild place. He wandered about from place to place, was bogged here and drowned there, and all the time it rained like murdher. At last, as luck would have it, he saw a light, and, making towards it, he found it to proceed from the spy-hole of a poor cabin. He rapped at the door, and a hoarse voice axed—

"'Who 's there?'

"'The Lord of Ballyteagh,' answered the knight. 'Let me in, and I 'll reward you.'

"'Ay,' said an ould woman, as she opened the door, 'as your father rewarded me. The curse of the Murroughs rest upon you.'

"'Hush! mother,' said a young girl, as beautiful as an angel, 'sure Sir Walter is my lady's lover.'

"'Lover,' bawled out the ould hag. 'He shall never wed the lady of Ballymaghear. Conagh Murrough has said it!'

"'Why, my ould woman,' said the knight, 'how have I offended you?'

"'Offended,' said she, with a laugh,—'offended! Have not the Whittys ruined me and mine? Have they not murdhered my husband, father, and kindred? And have they not banished us from the house of our father's? But Conagh Murrough will be revenged. She has lost her poor ould sowl, but

THROWS HER OVER INTO THE SALT SEA,

cried, and reproached him with his false love, and even threatened that she would tell Lady Devereux of his visits to her. The knight was thunderstruck, and didn't know which way to turn himself. He knew how offended his lady would be if she heard of his haven made love to the girl, and he begged and prayed of the girl to say nothen, and promised that he would give her lashens of money; but nothen would content her, and then the divil whispered in his ear to get rid of her.

"'Well,' said Sir Walter; 'what must be, must be. Come into my boat, and I'll row you across.'

"And so she did; and when he got into the middle of the channel, he ketches her and throws her over into the salt sea. At the moment he heard a loud laugh, and soon after a noise like as if ten thousand cats were fighten. Terrified out of his life the knight rowed to shore, and hastened to his castle; but for the sowl of him he could get neither peace nor ease, for a guilty conscience is a troublesome companion. Next day, lest he should be suspected of the murdher, he goes to Conagh's house, but found nothen there but an ould ugly-looken black cat.

"'Poor puss!' says he.

"'*Mhau!*' says she, and cocking her tail, she follows him home and took her place by the fire.

"From that day out nothen was heard of the ould woman or her daughter; but whenever Sir

Walter went out to catch rabbits on the burrow he saw a white cat, which met his eyes wherever he turned, and his gamekeeper tould him he often thought to kill her, but couldn't, though she was destroyen the rabbits. Of this, however, the Lord of Ballyteagh took no notice, but thought to make his peace with God by builden the church of Kilmore.

"In the meantime, the match between him and Lady Devereux was made up. They were to be married, as it were, to-morrow, and the bride sent to the bridegroom, as it were to-day, for some rabbits for the wedding dinner. The joyful lover wouldn't trust any one but himself, and so out he went to the burrow; but though he toiled all day, the never a rabbit could he catch. Returning home at night quite disappointed, what should he see but the white cat perched upon a bank of sand.

"'Bad luck to you, and all your breed!' said the knight, taken up a stone. 'It's you, and the likes of you, that has destroyed all my rabbits;' and so sayen, he flings a stone at and killed her.

"When he reached home he found as usual the ould black cat sitten by the fire.

"'*Moude killed Joude*,' said he, and scarcely had puss heard the wind of the word when she curls up her back, springs upon the knight, and afore any one could save him she had his throat cut. When the sarvants came in they could not see the cat,

and from that time to this the Lord of Ballyteagh is seen sitten in the hall of the castle with a cat stuck in his throat. The Whittys ever since have hated cats, and never keep one in their houses.

"The witch was burnt at low-water mark. She was found sitten in her cabin after the business was done by her own four bones, as she confessed afterwards. The white cat was her daughter, which she also bewitched; and it is supposed that she laid a spell upon the Lady Devereux, for on the news of Sir Walter's death she drowned herself in the well of the garden, where she is to be seen every night walken about dressed in white."

THE BREWERY OF EGG-SHELLS.

IT might be considered impertinent were I to explain what is meant by a changeling; both Shakespeare and Spenser have already done so, and who is there unacquainted with the *Midsummer Night's Dream* and the *Fairy Queen*?

Now Mrs. Sullivan fancied that her youngest child had been exchanged by "fairies' theft," and certainly appearances warranted such a conclusion; for in one night her healthy, blue-eyed boy had become shrivelled up into almost nothing, and never ceased squalling and crying. This naturally made poor Mrs. Sullivan very unhappy; and all the neighbours, by way of comforting her, said that her own child was, beyond any kind of doubt, with the good people, and that one of themselves was put in his place.

Mrs. Sullivan of course could not disbelieve what every one told her, but she did not wish to hurt the thing; for although its face was so withered, and its body wasted away to a mere skeleton, it had still a strong resemblance to her own boy. She therefore

could not find it in her heart to roast it alive on the griddle, or to burn its nose off with the red-hot tongs, or to throw it out in the snow on the road-side, notwithstanding these, and several like proceedings, were strongly recommended to her for the recovery of her child.

One day who should Mrs. Sullivan meet but a cunning woman, well known about the country by the name of Ellen Leah (or grey Ellen). She had the gift, however she got it, of telling where the dead were, and what was good for the rest of their souls; and could charm away warts and wens, and do a great many wonderful things of the same nature.

"You're in grief this morning, Mrs. Sullivan," were the first words of Ellen Leah to her.

"You may say that, Ellen," said Mrs. Sullivan, "and good cause I have to be in grief, for there was my own fine child whipped off from me out of his cradle, without as much as 'by your leave' or 'ask your pardon,' and an ugly dony (tiny) bit of a shrivelled-up fairy put in his place; no wonder then that you see me in grief, Ellen."

"Small blame to you, Mrs. Sullivan," said Ellen Leah; "but are you sure 'tis a fairy?"

"Sure!" echoed Mrs. Sullivan, "sure enough am I to my sorrow, and can I doubt my own two eyes? Every mother's soul must feel for me!"

"Will you take an old woman's advice?" said

Ellen Leah, fixing her wild and mysterious gaze upon the unhappy mother; and after a pause, she added, "but maybe you 'll call it foolish?"

"Can you get me back my child, my own child, Ellen?" said Mrs. Sullivan with great energy.

"If you do as I bid you," returned Ellen Leah, "you 'll know." Mrs. Sullivan was silent in expectation, and Ellen continued, "Put down the big pot, full of water, on the fire, and make it boil like mad; then get a dozen new-laid eggs, break them, and keep the shells, but throw away the rest; when that is done, put the shells in the pot of boiling water, and you will soon know whether it is your own boy or a fairy. If you find that it is a fairy in the cradle, take the red-hot poker and cram it down his ugly throat, and you will not have much trouble with him after that, I promise you."

Home went Mrs. Sullivan, and did as Ellen Leah desired. She put the pot on the fire, and plenty of turf under it, and set the water boiling at such a rate, that if ever water was red-hot, it surely was.

The child was lying, for a wonder, quite easy and quiet in the cradle, every now and then cocking his eye, that would twinkle as keen as a star in a frosty night, over at the great fire, and the big pot upon it; and he looked on with great attention at Mrs. Sullivan breaking the eggs and putting down the egg-shells to boil. At last he asked, with the voice of a very old man, "What are you doing, mammy?"

Mrs. Sullivan's heart, as she said herself, was up in her mouth ready to choke her, at hearing the child speak. But she contrived to put the poker in the fire, and to answer without making any wonder at the words, "I 'm brewing, *a vick*" (my son).

"And what are you brewing, mammy?" said the little imp, whose supernatural gift of speech now proved beyond question that he was a fairy substitute.

"I wish the poker was red," thought Mrs. Sullivan; but it was a large one, and took a long time heating, so she determined to keep him in talk until the poker was in a proper state to thrust down his throat, and therefore repeated the question.

"Is it what I 'm brewing, *a vick*," said she, "you want to know?"

"Yes, mammy; what are you brewing?" returned the fairy.

"Egg-shells, *a vick*," said Mrs. Sullivan.

"Oh!" shrieked the imp starting up in the cradle, and clapping his hands together, "I 'm fifteen hundred years in the world, and I never saw a brewery of egg-shells before!" The poker was by this time quite red, and Mrs. Sullivan seizing it ran furiously towards the cradle; but somehow or other her foot slipped, and she fell flat on the floor, and the poker flew out of her hand to the other end of the house. However, she got up without much loss of time and went to the cradle, intending to pitch the wicked

thing that was in it into the pot of boiling water, when there she saw her own child in a sweet sleep, one of his soft round arms rested upon the pillow,—his features were as placid as if their repose had never been disturbed, save the rosy mouth, which moved with a gentle and regular breathing.

Who can tell the feelings of a mother when she looks upon her sleeping child? Why should I therefore endeavour to describe those of Mrs. Sullivan at again beholding her long-lost boy? The fountains of her heart overflowed with the excess of joy, and she wept! Tears trickled silently down her cheek, nor did she strive to check them—they were tears, not of sorrow, but of happiness.

DANIEL THE OUTLAW.

THE story of Daniel O'Keefe, surnamed the Outlaw, is involved in some obscurity. He was, it seems, a follower of that O'Keefe, who, when driven by the Roches from Fermoy, obtained large possessions in the western parts, which he held until, having slain M'Donough, the chieftain of Duhallow, he was forced to betake himself to the mountain fastnesses to shun the vengeance of M'Donough's powerful clan. At length, having associated with him a band of daring spirits, he gave proof of his Milesian hatred of the Saxon invader, in bold and desperate outrages on the possessions of the intruders on the native right of the Gael. His daring enterprises and extraordinary escapes from the frequent parties of soldiers sent in pursuit of him, and the protection he afforded the weak and defenceless, are yet the theme of many an Irish song. The outlaw himself was a polished scholar and poet; and fragments of his verses still survive among the more aged dwellers of the glens.

The common mode of depredation practised by

this freebooter was to carry off creaghs, or whole herds of cattle, from the enemy until a sufficient sum was sent for their release. The deep glens surrounding his retreat in the cliff, screened the booty, taken in his predatory excursions, from the closest search; but the cave of Gortmore, by the river Blackwater, about fourteen miles from Kiskame, was his most usual place of resort, because its vicinity to Mallow, then the great thoroughfare between the north and south, and its immediate proximity to the lands of the stranger, rendered it an excellent centre of operation. This retreat could also afford full security against all attacks. On the side of a huge cliff that fearfully overhangs its base, gaped the opening of the cave; the river, which has since receded from the rock, then rolled its wild waters along its foot. From the water's edge a few rude steps cut in the limestone rock led into the cave, but from every other side it was wholly inaccessible. This retreat could be approached only in a boat or by swimming; and the cave, as tradition relates, extends for many a mile beneath St. Hilary's hills.

Daniel the outlaw had a female companion to soften the horrors of this dark dwelling, and share his life of depredation and danger—her name was Margaret Kelly. She is said to have been extremely beautiful, and O'Keefe loved her with a long and faithful affection; but the temptation of a large reward offered for his head induced her to betray

HORROR-STRICKEN TO FIND THE PARCHMENT.

him. It was she who generally procured him provisions from the neighbouring town of Mallow; and she always crossed the river in a boat which was kept concealed in the cave. She agreed one day with the commanding officer at Mallow, to betray O'Keefe into his hands. A few soldiers were to be stationed by the landing-place on the opposite bank, and when the outlaw, on the next occasion, had conveyed his perfidious messenger in the light skiff over the river on her way to town, the soldiers were to shoot him from their place of concealment on his return to the cave. For this service she received an acknowledgment entitling her to the reward on the outlaw's death or apprehension. After concluding this horrid compact, she returned to the cave, when O'Keefe, in a moment of soft dalliance, gently put his hand into her bosom, and was horror-stricken to find the parchment that confirmed to the beloved of his heart the price of his blood, and urged to madness by her detestable perfidy, he plunged his skein into her bosom, and she expired with a single groan.

This celebrated freebooter was endued with great swiftness. In one of his southern excursions, being detached from his band and alone, he fell in with a party of horse troops, and was pursued for many miles. He ran towards Gortmore cave, and the troopers pressing close upon him as he reached the fearful cliffs that overhang the broad Blackwater, he

bounded at a spring from a rock to the opposite bank: his pursuers durst not follow him. A woman who witnessed this extraordinary feat exclaimed, in the Irish tongue, "How great is thy leap, O man of wonder"! and he quaintly replied, "It is trifling, compared with the length of the run."

Being seized with a violent fever in a wild district to the west of Mill Street, he was betrayed by his nurse-tender. O'Keefe was yet unable to quit his bed, when the hovel to which he was confined was surrounded by armed men—he was wrapped in his blanket and laid upon a cart, to which he was fastened down by strong ropes. The soldiers concluded he was dying, and were the less watchful of their prisoner. Upon reaching Mallow he cut the cords that held him down, with the sword that lay close to his side during his illness, and which the soldiers had not perceived as they bore him from the bed. His sudden rush from the cart, and the bright flashing of his steel, filled them with astonishment; and in the moment of their irresolution and dismay he effected his escape.

At length the hour that was to terminate the career of this extraordinary man approached. A person in whom he reposed great trust, unable to resist the rewards offered for his apprehension, invited O'Keefe to partake of his hospitality, so that he might betray his guest. This man communicated his intention to his wife, who used every means of

persuasion to induce him to forego his base design, but in vain, and upon leaving home for the purpose of bringing a strong party to seize O'Keefe, he bound her on oath to conceal the treachery from the confiding outlaw. In the course of some time O'Keefe, finding himself thirsty, desired to drink, and his hostess brought a draught of new milk. Upon his expressing a wish to have the draught warmed, she pointedly said, "*Mà's maith leat a bheith buan caith fuar agus teith.*" The ambiguity of these words, which equally mean "to drink hot and cold," or "to drink and flee," excited his attention. He flung the bowl to the earth, drew his well-tried sword and rushed from the house, but the redcoats had that moment arrived, and a well-aimed bullet cut short his speed and his life.

THE NURSE'S ADVENTURE.

THE family of Nell Connor had all retired to bed on a wet stormy December night, when a loud knocking at the door, and a strange shrill voice demanding the midwife's attendance on a sick woman, aroused the inmates from their slumber. The rain pattered against the single pane that formed the only window of the apartment, and the wind whistled mournfully through the chinks of its mud wall. Nell, ever faithful to the duties of her profession, rose unreluctantly, flung her mantle of frieze on her shoulders, and opened the door.

"'Tis a fearful wild night to venture abroad in," said she, accosting a tall dark-looking man, mounted on a fine grey horse. "But it's strange, a cushla, I don't know ye. Have we far to go?"

"Not far," said the dark man, in a tone that thrilled the midwife's soul.

He caught her hand, and Nell felt herself raised as light as a feather onto the pillion behind him. They shot along with the lightning's rapidity, and though a pitchy darkness enveloped earth and

heaven, the grey horse moved with sure and easy speed. After passing many a hollow dell and rising moorland, during which no sound betrayed the tramp of the horse's hoofs, they came to the banks of the swollen and rapid Ariglin. The roaring rush of the muddy river, the blue gleam of the lightning flashing over its troubled wave, and the fitful moaning of the savage blast, struck terror to the midwife's heart.

"God and the Blessed Virgin preserve me!" she exclaimed, in a paroxysm of terror, and the hollow cliffs that part the dashing waters reverberated the sounds.

"Utter those names again, and abide the consequence," said the mysterious horseman angrily. Then plunging into the wild stream—

"Be silent," he continued, "and fear nothing, though sailing in a turf dish on the wide sea."

Gaining the opposite bank, they rode at the same rapid rate with which they at first set forward, till they reached the fort of Doon, which Nell well recognised as the rising moon flung her pale melancholy light athwart the horizon. Alighting from his horse, the tall dark man struck the ground thrice with his foot, whereupon there appeared a long flight of steps that led into the bosom of the earth. He instantly descended, and called upon his terrified companion to follow him. They entered a winding passage that led into a lofty hall, illuminated

with burning tapers. The tables groaned beneath the splendid feast. The unearthly thrilling of the melting harp stole softly on the ear, while a circle of lovely ladies and polished gentlemen flew through all the mazes of a dance. These were the prominent sights that caught Nell's attention as her conductor led her hastily through the hall to an inner chamber where lay the lady whom she was called upon to assist. After Nell had announced the birth of a fine boy, the tall dark man, who still remained in the room, gave her a vessel containing a greenish ointment, with which he ordered her to anoint the new-born babe from head to foot, but he cautioned her to suffer none of it to touch any part of her except the hand that performed the operation.

When this unction was concluded, and the child dressed and laid in a superb cradle, Nell Connor, feeling a certain twitching sensation in her right eye, instinctively clapped her hand to that organ, when she perceived the objects in the chamber suddenly undergo a strange metamorphosis, and assume an indefinable twofold appearance, in which the true and the unreal blended together in an indescribable way. She rightly considered that this arose from the virtue of the ointment, which gave her right eye the power of seeing the things in this strange dwelling in their proper shape. Upon closing her left eye all delusion vanished. The beautiful lady appeared a withered hag, the lovely boy a

shapeless cross-grained squaller, and the all-mysterious horseman was suddenly changed into a little red-haired chap, of three feet high, wearing a conical red cap, his deformed skinny mouth extended from ear to ear, and his restless piercing eyes seemed to search the midwife's soul whenever she met their malignant glance.

"Nell Connor," said the little red-haired man, "I feel obliged by your civility, and here is a trifle for your trouble."

So saying, he put into her hand what seemed to her left eye to be two bright pieces of gold, but which the right one detected as two ivy leaves clipped round all the edges.

In passing out of the place the hall and its guests appeared sadly altered. The polished gentlemen and lovely ladies were short red-capped fellows and deformed beldames, and the bright tapers were twinkling rushlights. Upon emerging into moonlight, the gallant grey that travelled so fleetly to Doon proved nothing more than the beam of an old plough, which had lain since the preceding spring across the stone gap at the corner of Nell's cabin. Quaking with terror she mounted behind her conductor. The beam performed its part to admiration, outstripped the wind, recrossed the roaring Ariglin, and, after some hard cantering over marsh and moorland, set Nell Connor down, pretty much to her satisfaction, at her own door, as the March cock

upon the roost within proclaimed the approach of the tardy day.

Mill Street fair happened on the next day, and Nell Connor, having business there, was surprised on entering the town to see her little red-haired acquaintance busily employed in selecting and carrying off the choicest cows, and substituting in their stead clods or stones, or other inanimate things, which, in the strict resemblance they were made to bear to the animals thus abstracted, deceived every mortal eye but Nell's. She attentively watched his progress during the afternoon. At length she entered a crowded tent, where sat a fine-looking country girl and her sweetheart, refreshing themselves with a cake and a glass of punch. The busy purloiner of the cows approached the maiden, and thrusting a *thraneen* up her nostril, caused her to sneeze three successive times. He grinned horribly at the first and second sneeze, but at the third, when Nell Connor exclaimed—

"Christ and the Blessed Virgin between you an' the evil one, ma colleen bawn!" the disappointed fairy gnashed his teeth in fury. His malignant eyes beamed with rage, and darting like the lightning's flash through the guests of the crowded tent to the spot where Nell Connor stood, and striking out her right eye with the point of his switch, he immediately disappeared.

THE PILFERED CORN.

NOT far from the town of Doneraile, there lived the steward of a gentleman, and he made a practice every evening of bringing home from his employer's barn, a pocketful of corn, which he contrived to pilfer in the course of the day. By this means, when sowing time came, the steward had collected grain sufficient to sow an acre of ground for himself; which he did, and the corn grew, and promised well—better than any crop about his farm. Harvest time came, and his corn was full in ear and quite ripe. So he engaged the reapers, and he thought in his own mind, how little money the wheat had cost him, and how much he should gain by it, for corn happened then to be very scarce, and bore a very high price. The evening before his acre of corn was to be reaped, he walked out to view it, waving backwards and forwards to the gentle summer wind, as it rustled among the bending ears, in the sweet moonlight. But the moon became obscured, and looking up he saw a flock of crows hovering all over his cornfield, and so

numerous were they that the air was darkened. Loudly did he shout, and lustily did he call; but the crows were not to be scared away. He saw crow after crow descend, and each drawing up a stalk in his beak, fly away with it. This vexed him much, "but," thought he, "even let the crows do their worst to-night, a good crop must remain for me, as by to-morrow's sunset it will be all cut down." In this, however, he was mistaken; as much as in believing that his crop was carried off by the crows instead of by the fairies. Next morning when the reapers assembled at daybreak, not a single stalk of wheat remained in the field; every one was taken across the river during the night, and placed in the barn belonging to the gentleman from whom the grain had been stolen. The straw was made up at the further end, and on one side the wheat lay winnowed in a great heap, and fit for sending to market. The fairies, or the good people, worked all night; some in the shape of crows employed themselves in transporting the stalks across the river, others danced upon the ears to thrash them; more winnowed the grain, and the rest bound up the straw. It is said, too, that as they danced at their work, they were heard singing:—

"Is it right that a man should rob his master?
Let our merry feet, then, go fast—and faster."

The pilferer never dared to steal again from

his employer, seeing that no good came of what he had stolen; and to use the common saying of the country—

"May the curse of the crows light on all thieves like him!"

THE CHANGELING.

A YOUNG woman, whose name was Mary Scannell, lived with her husband not many years ago at Castle Martyr. One day in harvest-time she went with several more to help in binding up the wheat, and left her child, which she was nursing, in a corner of the field, quite safe, as she thought, wrapped up in her cloak. When she had finished her work she returned to where the child was, but in the place of her own child she found a thing in the cloak that was not half the size, and that kept up such a crying you might have heard it a mile off. So she guessed how the case was, and, without stop or stay, away she took it in her arms, pretending to be mighty fond of it all the while, to a wise woman, who told her in a whisper not to give it enough to eat, and to beat and pinch it without mercy, which Mary Scannell did; and just in one week after to the day, when she awoke in the morning, she found her own child lying by her side in the bed! The fairy that had been put in its

place did not like the usage it got from Mary Scannell, who understood how to treat it, like a sensible woman as she was, and away it went after the week's trial, and sent her own child back to her.

STEPHEN SINNOTT'S PLOUGH.

STEPHEN SINNOTT'S plough, according to the best account, lies at the bottom of the Slaney, a certain number of perches above Ferry Carrick bridge, and has, it is said, been seen by many people. The story is as follows :—

"Stephen Sinnott was, as a body might say, a bit of a *scolloge* (farmer), who lived hard by, on a mortual poor farm as any widin a day's walk of you. It was barly anything but stones, an' there didn't grow as much grass on it as would feed a snipe. Stephen had a right bad bit o' ground, an', troth, they say he was not the man to mend it nether. He'd be puttin' in the grain o' oats when others would be diggin' the pheaties, an' never begin to plough till everybody else had done sowin'. His plough was generally none o' the best, an' he ever and always yoked the milch cow wid the garron of a horse. The traces was made of horse-hide; the collars of straw, to be sure, and the hames was tied wid gads; and a brave lot ov 'em he always had twisted into rings on the plough handle, for,

AXED 'IM TO HELP HER OVER THE STILE.

whenever he stopped to rest, he pulled out his *spuddeen* of a knife, and began to cut black-sallies for the purpose of mendin' the tacklin'.

"One day while ploughin' a stony fallow, the breast-band was breakin' an' breakin' every minit; and though poor Stephen was a quiet slob of a fellow, he used to swear like murdher. The gossoon who drew for 'im, wid the clough in his hand, had a hard berth ov 't; for every now an' then the paddle used to flew afther his heels. 'Twas 'sting up Bottom,' meanin' the horse, an' 'prod Cautheen,' meanin' the cow, every moment, while the traces, an' the breast-bands, an' the plough, an' everything else was breakin', requirin' gads on gads.

"'Oh! Meelah, murdher!' sed Stephen, 'was ever an unfortunate man to be pitied as I am, lookin' to plough, an' can't?' The word was not well out ov 'is mouth, whin an ould woman, wid a brewin'-pot on her head, axed 'im to help her over the stile. 'Bother you,' sed Stephen to 'imself, but recollectin' that ould people ought to be assisted, he let go the plough, an' went an' lifted her pot over the ditch.

"'Thanky, Stephen,' sed she, though Stephen didn't know her from Adam; besides, she looked a very odd thing of a woman, wid a great big wide mouth of her own, a pair of red eyes, an' a ferrety face. Stephen didn't more nor half like her, but he sed—

"'Oh, you're heartily welcome, Granny.'

"'Ploughin' is hard work, Stephen,' sed she, sittin' down on the side of the pot.

"'Troth it is,' sed Stephen, 'when a man haven't a good plough.'

"'But need a bad plough,' sed she, 'make a man curse and swear like a trooper?'

"'Troth, ay, Granny,' sed he, 'cursin' and swarin', I know, isn't right—God forgive me!—but how can I help it, seein' what a mortual bad plough I've got?'

"'If you had a good one,' she axed, 'would you curse and swear?'

"'No, nor the divil a word, achorrah,' answered Stephen, 'barrin' Nancy come across me wid her bolhour.'

"'Oh, but that won't do,' ses she; 'you mustn't curse nor swear at all.'

"'Well, then,' sed Stephen, 'I won't swear if you will give a body a good plough.'

"'Well, an' what wid you give for a good one, Stephen Sinnott?' sed she.

"'Troth, anything in the wide world,' sed he.

"'Would you give a body a *shogh* o' the pipe for one?'

"'Troth, I would,' sed he, 'wid a heart and a half, and thanky, to boot.'

"'Well, then, let's have it,' sed she; and away Stephen went to light his pipe. When he returned he found the old woman where he left her, and

gave her the pipe. She took a *golh* or two, and then axed 'im who made his ploughs.

"'Troth,' sed Stephen, 'a gossip o' my own, Mikel Reilly.'

"'Oh,' sed she; 'Stephen, ent you a handy man yourself?'

"'Faith, an' I am,' sed he.

"'To be sure,' sed she. 'An' maybe you couldn't make a plough?'

"'*Bethershin*,' sed Stephen, in great glee; 'if I had but the tools.'

"'An' the tools you must have,' sed she, puttin' her hand into the brewin'-pot, an' pullin' out first a hatchet, then an adze, then a plane, then a chisel; and to make a long story short, she pulled up more tools nor five joiners could make use of.

"'Go to work, Stephen Sinnott,' ses she, 'an' never crack-cry till you have made a plough. If you work day an' night till it's finished, it will go by itself, an' plough more nor fifty ploughs, barrin' you swear in the same field wid it. Mind that, Stephen Sinnott. A ploughman can't have luck if there's an oath in his mouth every minute.'

"Stephen was so overjoyed wid his tools that he took barly any notice of what she sed, and when he lifted his eyes from lookin' at the saw, he couldn't see the ould woman or the brewin'-pot high or low, far or near. This he thought very quare, to be sure, but a strange feelin' come over him, an' he

gathers up the tools an' runs to his own car-house, an' began to work on some timber that was there. For the first two or three days Nancy let 'im alone, but seein' 'im hammerin' away, she got so vexed, an' began to abuse 'im so that a dog wouldn't eat his flesh. Stephen took no notice of all this, but worked away day an' night for seven long years an' a day.

"At length the day came for tryin' the plough, and Stephen carried it into a ten-acre field, and bid Nancy bring 'im his breakfast at nine o'clock exactly. Nancy, you may be sure, had the pheaties bild to the minute, and hurried out to see what the plough had done. Agin she reached the field the last furrow was turned up, an' every sod lay as straight as a line.

"'There,' sed Stephen, 'there 's a mornin's work for you.'

"'Och, musha,' sed Nancy, like a fool as she was, for the women are never satisfied; 'an' is that all you 've done wid all your boastin'?'

"'Is that all?' cried Stephen, stung to the quick.

"'Yes,' sed she; 'is that all? Troth, I would not give a traneen for you if you wouldn't do three times as much.'

"This put Stephen into a rage, an', after faughin' at her, he was goin' to say—

"'Musha! sweet, bad luck to your fadher's daugh-

ter,' but afore the word was half out of his mouth, whap! went a thunderbold, and whisk! went the plough through ditches and hedges, till it plunged into the Slaney, where it has stuck, with its two handles up from that day to this."

THE HAUNTED CELLAR.

THERE are few people who have not heard of the Mac Carthies, one of the real old Irish families, with the true Milesian blood running in their veins as thick as buttermilk. Many were the clans of this family in the south; as the Mac Carthy-more, and the Mac Carthy-reagh, and the Mac Carthy of Muskerry; and all of them were noted for their hospitality to strangers, gentle and simple.

But not one of that name, or of any other, exceeded Justin Mac Carthy, of Ballinacarthy, at putting plenty to eat and drink upon his table; and there was a right hearty welcome for every one who would share it with him. Many a wine-cellar would be ashamed of the name if that at Ballinacarthy was the proper pattern for one. Large as that cellar was, it was crowded with bins of wine, and long rows of pipes and hogsheads and casks, that it would take more time to count than any sober man could spare in such a place, with plenty to drink about him, and a hearty welcome to do so.

There are many, no doubt, who will think that the butler would have little to complain of in such a house; and the whole country round would have agreed with them, if a man could be found to remain as Mr. Mac Carthy's butler for any length of time worth speaking of; yet not one who had been in his service gave him a bad word.

"We have no fault," they would say, "to find with the master, and if he could but get any one to fetch his wine from the cellar, we might every one of us have grown grey in the house, and have lived quiet and contented enough in his service until the end of our days."

"'Tis a queer thing that, surely," thought young Jack Leary, a lad who had been brought up from a mere child in the stables of Ballinacarthy to assist in taking care of the horses, and had occasionally lent a hand in the butler's pantry,—"'tis a mighty queer thing, surely, that one man after another cannot content himself with the best place in the house of a good master, but that every one of them must quit, all through the means, as they say, of the wine-cellar. If the master—long life to him!—would but make me his butler, I warrant never the word more would be heard of grumbling at his bidding to go to the wine-cellar."

Young Leary accordingly watched for what he conceived to be a favourable opportunity of presenting himself to the notice of his master.

A few mornings after, Mr. Mac Carthy went into his stable-yard rather earlier than usual, and called loudly for the groom to saddle his horse, as he intended going out with the hounds. But there was no groom to answer, and young Jack Leary led Rainbow out of the stable.

"Where is William?" inquired Mr. Mac Carthy.

"Sir?" said Jack; and Mr. Mac Carthy repeated the question.

"Is it William, please your honour?" returned Jack. "Why, then, to tell the truth, he had just *one* drop too much last night."

"Where did he get it?" said Mr. Mac Carthy; "for since Thomas went away the key of the wine-cellar has been in my pocket, and I have been obliged to fetch what was drunk myself."

"Sorrow a know I know," said Leary, "unless the cook might have given him the *laste taste* in life of whisky. But," continued he, performing a low bow by seizing with his right hand a lock of hair and pulling down his head by it, whilst his left leg, which had been put forward, was scraped back against the ground, "may I make so bold as just to ask your honour one question?"

"Speak out, Jack," said Mr. Mac Carthy.

"Why, then, does your honour want a butler?"

"Can you recommend me one," returned his master, with the smile of good-humour upon his

countenance, "and one who will not be afraid of going to my wine-cellar?"

"Is the wine-cellar all the matter?" said young Leary; "devil a doubt I have of myself then for that."

"So you mean to offer me your services in the capacity of butler?" said Mr. Mac Carthy with some surprise.

"Exactly so," returned young Leary, now for the first time looking up from the ground.

"Well, I believe you to be a good lad, and have no objection to give you a trial."

"Long may your honour reign over us, and the Lord spare you to us!" ejaculated Leary, with another national bow, as his master rode off; and he continued for some time to gaze after him with a vacant stare, which slowly and gradually assumed a look of importance.

"Jack Leary," said he, at length,—"Jack—is it Jack?" in a tone of wonder; "faith, 'tis not Jack now, but Mr. John, the butler;" and with an air of becoming consequence he strode out of the stable-yard towards the kitchen.

It is of little purport to my story, although it may afford an instructive lesson to the reader, to depict the sudden transition of nobody into somebody. Jack's former stable companion, a poor superannuated hound named Bran, who had been accustomed to receive many an affectionate pat on the head, was

spurned from him with a kick, and an "Out of the way, sirrah." Indeed, poor Jack's memory seemed sadly affected by his sudden change of situation. What established the point beyond all doubt was his almost forgetting the pretty face of Peggy, the kitchen wench, whose heart he had assailed but the preceding week, by the offer of purchasing a gold ring for the fourth finger of her right hand, and a lusty imprint of good-will upon her lips.

When Mr. Mac Carthy returned from hunting, he sent for Jack Leary—so he still continued to call his new butler. "Jack," said he, "I believe you are a trustworthy lad, and here are the keys of my cellar. I have asked the gentlemen with whom I hunted to-day to dine with me, and I hope they may be satisfied with the way in which you will wait on them at table; but, above all, let there be no want of wine after dinner."

Mr. John, having a tolerably quick eye for such things, and being naturally a handy lad, spread his cloth accordingly, laid his plates and knives and forks in the same manner he had seen his predecessors in office perform those mysteries, and really, for the first time, got through attendance on dinner very well.

It must not be forgotten, however, that it was at the house of an Irish country squire, who was entertaining a company of booted and spurred fox-hunters, not very particular about what are con-

sidered matters of infinite importance under other circumstances and in other societies.

. For instance, few of Mr. Mac Carthy's guests (though all excellent and worthy men in their way) cared much whether the punch produced after soup was made of Jamaica or Antigua rum; some even would not have been inclined to question the correctness of good old Irish whisky; and with the exception of their liberal host himself, every one in the company preferred the port which Mr. Mac Carthy put on his table to the less ardent flavour of claret, a choice rather at variance with modern sentiment.

It was waxing near midnight when Mr. Mac Carthy rang the bell three times. This was a signal for more wine; and Jack proceeded to the cellar to procure a fresh supply, but it must be confessed not without some little hesitation.

The luxury of ice was then unknown in the south of Ireland; but the superiority of cool wine had been acknowledged by all men of sound judgment and true taste.

The grandfather of Mr. Mac Carthy, who had built the mansion of Ballinacarthy upon the site of an old castle which had belonged to his ancestors, was fully aware of this important fact; and in the construction of his magnificent wine-cellar had availed himself of a deep vault, excavated out of the solid rock in former times as a place of retreat

and security. The descent to this vault was by a flight of steep stone stairs, and here and there in the wall were narrow passages—I ought rather to call them crevices; and also certain projections, which cast deep shadows, and looked very frightful when any one went down the cellar-stairs with a single light; indeed two lights did not much improve the matter, for though the breadth of the shadows became less, the narrow crevices remained as dark and darker than ever.

Summoning up all his resolution, down went the new butler, bearing in his right hand a lantern and the key of the cellar, and in his left a basket, which he considered sufficiently capacious to contain an adequate stock for the remainder of the evening: he arrived at the door without any interruption whatever; but when he put the key, which was of an ancient and clumsy kind—for it was before the days of Bramah's patent,—and turned it in the lock, he thought he heard a strange kind of laughing within the cellar, to which some empty bottles that stood upon the floor outside vibrated so violently that they struck against each other; in this he could not be mistaken, although he may have been deceived in the laugh, for the bottles were just at his feet, and he saw them in motion.

Leary paused for a moment, and looked about him with becoming caution. He then boldly seized the handle of the key, and turned it with all his

strength in the lock, as if he doubted his own power of doing so; and the door flew open with a most tremendous crash, that if the house had not been built upon the solid rock would have shaken it from the foundation.

To recount what the poor fellow saw would be impossible, for he seems not to know very clearly himself; but what he told the cook next morning was, that he heard a roaring and bellowing like a mad bull, and that all the pipes and hogsheads and casks in the cellar went rocking backwards and forwards with so much force that he thought every one would have been staved in, and that he should have been drowned or smothered in wine.

When Leary recovered he made his way back as well as he could to the dining-room, where he found his master and the company very impatient for his return.

"What kept you?" said Mr. Mac Carthy in an angry voice; "and where is the wine? I rang for it half an hour since."

"The wine is in the cellar, I hope, sir," said Jack, trembling violently; "I hope 'tis not all lost."

"What do you mean, fool?" exclaimed Mr. Mac Carthy in a still more angry tone. "Why did you not fetch some with you?"

Jack looked wildly about him, and only uttered a deep groan.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Mac Carthy to his guests,

"this is too much. When I next see you to dinner I hope it will be in another house, for it is impossible I can remain longer in this, where a man has no command over his own wine-cellar, and cannot get a butler to do his duty. I have long thought of moving from Ballinacarthy; and I am now determined, with the blessing of God, to leave it to-morrow. But wine you shall have were I to go myself to the cellar for it." So saying, he rose from table, took the key and lantern from his half-stupefied servant, who regarded him with a look of vacancy, and descended the narrow stairs, already described, which led to his cellar.

When he arrived at the door, which he found open, he thought he heard a noise, as if of rats or mice scrambling over the casks, and advancing he perceived a little figure, about six inches in height, seated astride upon a pipe of the oldest port in the place, and bearing a spigot upon his shoulder. Raising the lantern, Mr. Mac Carthy contemplated the little fellow with wonder; he wore a red nightcap on his head; before him was a short leather apron, which now, from his attitude, fell rather on one side; and he had stockings of a light blue colour, so long as nearly to cover the entire of his leg; with shoes, having huge silver buckles in them, and with high heels (perhaps out of vanity to make him appear taller). His face was like a withered winter apple; and his nose, which was of a bright crimson

colour, about the tip wore a delicate purple bloom, like that of a plum; yet his eyes twinkled

"like those mites
Of candied dew in moony nights—"

and his mouth twitched up at one side with an arch grin.

"Ha, scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Mac Carthy, "have I found you at last? Disturber of my cellar —what are you doing there?"

"Sure, and master," returned the little fellow, looking up at him with one eye, and with the other throwing a sly glance towards the spigot on his shoulder, "a'n't we going to move to-morrow? and sure you would not leave your own little Cluricaune Naggeneen behind you?"

"Oh!" thought Mr. Mac Carthy, "if you are to follow me, Mr. Naggeneen, I don't see much use in quitting Ballinacarthy." So filling with wine the basket which young Leary in his fright had left behind him, and locking the cellar door, he rejoined his guests.

For some years after Mr. Mac Carthy had always to fetch the wine for his table himself, as the little Cluricaune Naggeneen seemed to feel a personal respect towards him. Notwithstanding the labour of these journeys the worthy Lord of Ballinacarthy lived in his paternal mansion to a good round age, and was famous to the last for the excellence of his

wine and the conviviality of his company; but at the time of his death that same conviviality had nearly emptied his wine-cellar; and as it was never so well filled again, nor so often visited, the revels of Master Naggeneen became less celebrated, and are now only spoken of amongst the legendary lore of the country. It is even said that the poor little fellow took the declension of the cellar so to heart that he became negligent and careless of himself, and that he has been sometimes seen going about with hardly a *skreed* (shred) to cover him.

LEGEND OF OSSHEEN.

WHEN St. Patrick was labouring to extend the Christian faith in Ireland, the old legend says, in his peregrination he met a very aged man, whose gigantic dimensions far exceeded the ordinary stature of the men who lived in that age He described himself to be Ossheen, the son of Fuin-mac-Cumhal, the famous king or commander of the Fiana Eirion, the celebrated domestic troops of the kingdom that flourished in the third century of the Christian era. The brave heroes of the western isle had disappeared from the earth, and the fame of their extraordinary prowess, lived then, as now, in the traditionary records of the land. Ossheen alone survived the lapse of ages, borne down by the weight of years and the melancholy memory of bygone days, among a strange and degenerate race. He had been conveyed to Tire-nan-Oge, the Elysium of the heathen Irish, and on this permitted return to earth, the gallant band which he left in all the pride of chivalry were gone.

The passage of Ossheen to the Country of the

Immortals, and his return to earth, happened in the following manner :—

The Fiana Eirion, who formed the national guard to defend the land against foreign invasion or domestic treachery, were, it is said, quartered on the people during the winter season, but from May to November they lived on their romantic hills, supported by the produce of the chase. Lough Lene was a favourite summer's haunt, and often did the hunter's cry, and the matchless speed of the tall Bran, the famous hunting dog, force the mountain deer to lave his panting breast in the waters of the lake. The wild district by the banks of the western Ariglin, in the county of Cork, bears testimony to the trace of their footsteps. Drumscarha, or the parting hill of heroes, near that stream, is still pointed out as the fort to which Goul-mac-Morna, the leader of the northern troops retired, when he withdrew in anger from Fuin. The troops were hunting in the last-mentioned district in the harvest season, when they received intelligence that a corn-field in the neighbourhood of the camp was on different nights much trodden down by some unaccountable means, for though the field was well minded, the perpetrator of the mischief remained undiscovered. Many of the soldiers watched in vain, and at last Ossheen, the son of Fuin, volunteered his service. In the stillness of the night he heard a rustling in the corn, and by the light of the moon he discovered

a beautiful white colt, without a spot. The hero advanced, and the colt slowly retreated, but as they approached the ditch, he bounded forward and seized the animal by the mane, which floated in the midnight breeze. The alarmed colt fled with an eagle's speed, and the pursuer perseveringly followed. The chase had not continued long before the earth suddenly opened—he held by the floating mane, and shortly after their descent, he found himself in a fair extensive country, and the white colt, the object of his pursuit, metamorphosed into a beautiful lady, whose yellow ringlets were yet retained in his determined grasp. With an ineffable smile she welcomed him to Tire-nan-Oge, and the pleasures of the chase, and the society of his brothers in war, were for a time things forgotten as if they had never been.

When Ossheen had spent some time in this region of immortal youth, and unfading spring, he felt strongly inclined to revisit the land of his birth, and regain the society of his former friends. Upon intimating this wish to the lady, she assured him that to seek the Fiana Eirion would be fruitless toil, for that race of heroes had long since disappeared from the earth.

"Ah," said he, "why attempt to deceive me? Fuin, the king of men—Oscar, my dauntless son—Dearmid, of the eagle's speed—Conan, the subtle—heroes whom I left only twelve months since, are not surely dead?"

"You have already spent three hundred years here," said she. "The longest measure of duration on earth is but as a moment in our estimation. If you are determined to revisit your favourite haunts, you may proceed. This horse will safely convey you to earth, but if you alight from his back during the journey, it will preclude your return to this place, and you will find your youth and strength vanished, and yourself laden with three centuries of infirmities."

He departed; revisited the cloudy Mangerton; wound his course beneath savage Turk; cast his eyes over the far prospect from romantic Clarah, and roused the red deer of the Galtees—but in vain. No long-remembered friend met his eye; the land was occupied by a feeble and diminutive race; the very face of nature was changed; rivers had abandoned their native channels; deep valleys were level plains, and the wavy forests become barren moors. He would not have known it as the land of his love, had not the multiform hills, and the firm-set everlasting mountains, been the unchangeable landmarks of his memory to guide him through the altered scene.

Filled with the deepest melancholy, he retraced his steps to Tire-nan-Oge, but as he came to the bank of a deep river, he saw one of the degenerate men of that time endeavouring to raise a sack of corn which had slipped from his horse's back into

LEFT HIM A WRETCHED AND FORLORN BEING.

the middle of the stream. Ossheen had not forgotten his military oath, one clause of which bound the Irish soldier to assist the distressed. He spurred into the current, and endeavoured without alighting to raise the sack with his foot, but it remained unmoved. Surprised that a weight apparently so light should mock his effort, he sprang into the water, when both his horse and the treacherous apparition disappeared, and left him a wretched and forlorn being, bent beneath a load of years.

"The Dialogue of Ossheen and Patrick" testifies the difficulty that apostle had in converting the haughty worshipper of Crom to the mild and humbler doctrines of the Christian religion. He became a member of the saint's household, and when he lost his sight through extreme old age, he had a servant to conduct his steps. It appears that Ossheen's appetite corresponded with his stature, and that the saint's housekeeper dealt his portion with a niggard hand, for when the old man expostulated with her one day on the scantiness of his repast, she bitterly replied, that his large oat cake, his quarter of beef, and *miscawn* of butter, would suffice a better man.

"Ah," said he, his memory adverting to the days of his strength, "I could yet show you an ivy leaf broader than your cake, a berry of the quickbeam larger than your *miscawn*, and the leg of a blackbird that would outweigh your quarter of beef."

The woman gave him the lie direct, but Ossheen remained silent.

Some time after, Ossheen directed his attendant to nail a raw hide against the wall, and to dash the puppies of a wolf-dog against it. They in succession fell howling and helpless to the ground, except one, that clung with tooth and nail, in the hide. He was carefully reared, and when he was full grown and vigorous, Ossheen one day told his attendant to conduct him to the plain of Kildare, and to lead the dog in a leash. As they went along, Ossheen at a certain place asked his guide if he beheld anything deserving particular notice, and he replied that he saw a monstrous plant resembling ivy, that projected from a huge rock, and almost hid the light of the sun, and also a large tree by a neighbouring stream, which bore a red fruit of enormous bulk. Ossheen carried away the leaf and the fruit. They shortly reached the plain of Kildare, and he again demanded whether any strange object met his servant's attention.

"Yes," said the other; "I perceive a *dallan* of extraordinary size."

He then desired to be led to the stone, and after removing it from its place by one giant effort, he took from the cavity beneath a *Cran-tubal*, or sling, a ball, and an ancient trumpet. Sitting on the upturned *dallan*, he blew the musical instrument. The loud blast seemed to pierce the sky, and though the

sound appeared to sweep the extended earth, it was sweet and harmonious. After a lapse of some hours, the blind musician asked his attendant if he observed anything uncommon.

"I perceive," said he, "the flight of birds advancing from every quarter of the heavens, and alighting on the plain before us."

He continued the magic strain, when his attendant exclaimed that a monstrous bird, the shadow of whose bulk darkened the field, was approaching.

"That is the object of our expectation," said Ossheen. "Let slip the dog as that bird alights."

The wolf-hound bounded with open jaws to the fight, and the bird received his attack with wonderful force. The thrilling blasts of the trumpet seemed to inspire the combatants with renewed rage. They fought all day, and at the going down of the sun the victorious wolf-dog drank the life-blood of his prostrate foe.

"The bird is dead," said the affrighted servant, "and the dog, bathed in blood, is approaching to devour us."

"Direct my aim," said the hero, "towards the dog." Then launching the ball from the *Cran-tubal,* it arrested the rapid progress of the savage animal, and felled him lifeless to the earth.

The leaf, the berry, and the leg of this amazing blackbird, were the *spolia optima* he produced to the

housekeeper in proof of his veracity. This was the last expiring effort of the warrior bard, for the legend records that indignation at this woman's insulting language shortly afterwards broke his heart.

FIOR USGA.

A LITTLE way beyond the Gallows Green of Cork, and just outside the town, there is a great lough of water, where people in the winter go and skate for the sake of diversion; but the sport above the water is nothing to what is under it, for at the very bottom of this lough there are buildings and gardens far more beautiful than any now to be seen, and how they came there was in this manner:—

Long before Saxon foot pressed Irish ground there was a great king called Corc, whose palace stood where the lough now is, in a round green valley, that was just a mile about. In the middle of the courtyard was a spring of fair water, so pure and so clear that it was the wonder of all the world. Much did the king rejoice at having so great a curiosity within his palace; but as people came in crowds from far and near to draw the precious water of this spring, he was sorely afraid that in time it might become dry, so he caused a high wall to be built up round it, and would allow nobody to have the water, which was a very great loss to the poor

people living about the palace. Whenever he wanted any for himself he would send his daughter to get it, not liking to trust his servants with the key of the well-door, fearing they might give some away.

One night the king gave a grand entertainment, and there were many great princes present, and lords and nobles without end; and there were wonderful doings throughout the palace: there were bonfires, whose blaze reached up to the very sky; and dancing was there to such sweet music that it ought to have waked up the dead out of their graves; and feasting was there in the greatest of plenty for all who came; nor was there one turned away from the palace gates—but "You're welcome—you're welcome heartily," was the porter's salute for all.

Now it happened at this grand entertainment there was one young prince above all the rest mighty comely to behold, and as tall and as straight as ever eye would wish to look on. Right merrily did he dance that night with the old king's daughter, wheeling here and wheeling there, as light as a feather, and footing it away to the admiration of every one. The musicians played the better for seeing their dancing; and they danced as if their lives depended upon it. After all this dancing came the supper; and the young prince was seated at table by the side of his beautiful partner, who smiled upon him as often as he spoke to her; and that was by no means so often as he wished, for he

had constantly to turn to the company and thank them for the many compliments passed upon his fair partner and himself.

In the midst of this banquet one of the great lords said to King Corc, "May it please your majesty, here is everything in abundance that heart can wish for, both to eat and drink, except water."

"Water!" said the king, mightily pleased at some one calling for that of which purposely there was a want; "water shall you have, my lord, speedily, and that of such a delicious kind that I challenge all the world to equal it. Daughter," said he, "go fetch some in the golden vessel which I caused to be made for the purpose."

The king's daughter, who was called Fior Usga (which signifies in English, Spring Water), did not much like to be told to perform so menial a service before so many people, and though she did not venture to refuse the commands of her father, yet hesitated to obey him, and looked down upon the ground. The king, who loved his daughter very much, seeing this, was sorry for what he had desired her to do, but having said the word, he was never known to recall it; he therefore thought of a way to make his daughter go speedily and fetch the water, and it was by proposing that the young prince her partner should go along with her. Accordingly, with a loud voice, he said, "Daughter, I wonder not at your fearing to go alone so late at night; but I

doubt not the young prince at your side will go with you." The prince was not displeased at hearing this; and taking the golden vessel in one hand, with the other led the king's daughter out of the hall, while all present gazed after them with delight.

When they came to the spring of water, in the courtyard of the palace, the fair Usga unlocked the door with the greatest care, and stooping down with the golden vessel to take some of the water out of the well, found the vessel so heavy that she lost her balance and fell in. The young prince tried in vain to save her, for the water rose and rose so fast that the entire courtyard was speedily covered with it, and he hastened back almost in a state of distraction to the king.

The door of the well being left open, the water, which had been so long confined, rejoiced at obtaining its liberty, rushed forth incessantly, every moment rising higher, and was in the hall of the entertainment as soon as the young prince himself, so that when he attempted to speak to the king he was up to his neck in water. At length the water rose to such a height that it filled the entire of the green valley in which the king's palace stood, and so the present lough of Cork was formed.

Yet the king and his guests were not drowned, as would now happen if such an awful inundation were to take place; neither was his daughter, the fair Usga, who returned to the banquet-hall the very next

I DOUBT NOT THE YOUNG PRINCE AT YOUR SIDE WILL GO WITH YOU.

night after this dreadful event; and every night since the same entertainment and dancing goes on in the palace at the bottom of the lough, and will last until some one has the luck to bring up out of it the golden vessel which was the cause of all this mischief.

Nobody can doubt that it was a judgment upon the king for his shutting up the well in the court-yard from the poor people; and if there are any who do not credit my story, they may go and see the lough of Cork, for there it is to be seen to this day. The road to Kinsale passes at one side of it; and when its waters are low and clear the tops of towers and stately buildings may be plainly viewed in the bottom by those who have good eyesight, without the help of spectacles.

THE FAIRIES AND THE BUTLER.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, in his *Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft*, quotes the following story from an old work, entitled *Sadducismus Triumphatus*, by Joseph Glanville, printed at Edinburgh in 1700, as illustrative of the superstitious notion among the Irish that persons when engaged in some unlawful or sinful action were more than usually exposed to the power of the fairies.

The butler of a gentleman, a neighbour of the Earl of Orrery, who was sent to purchase cards, in crossing the fields saw a table surrounded by people apparently feasting and making merry. They rose to salute him, and invited him to join in their revel, but a friendly voice from the party whispered in his ear—

"Do nothing which this company invite you to!"

Accordingly, when he refused to join in feasting, the table vanished, and the company began to dance and play on musical instruments; but the butler

would not take any part in those recreations. They then left off dancing, and betook themselves to work, but neither in this would the mortal join them. He was then left alone for the present, but in spite of the exertions of my Lord Orrery, in spite of two bishops who were guests at the time, in spite of the celebrated Mr. Greatraks, it was all they could do to prevent the butler from being carried off bodily from amongst them by the fairies, who considered him as their lawful prey. They raised him in the air above the heads of the mortals, who could only run beneath to break his fall when they pleased to let him go. The spectre which formerly advised the poor man continued to haunt him, and at length discovered himself to be the ghost of an acquaintance who had been dead for seven years.

"You know," added he, "I lived a loose life, and ever since I have been hurried up and down in a restless condition, with the company you saw, and shall be till the day of judgment."

He added that if the butler had acknowledged God in all His ways, he had not suffered so much by their means; he reminded him that he had not prayed to God in the morning before he met with this company in the fields, and, moreover, that he was then going on an unlawful business.

It is pretended that Lord Orrery confirmed the

whole of this story, even to the having seen the butler raised into the air by the invisible beings who strove to carry him off, only he did not bear witness to the passage which seems to call the purchase of cards an unlawful errand.

THE LEGEND OF SGARRIVE-A-KUILLEEN.

"IN the good ould times the country was full of holy men, hermits, and friars, who did nothing at all but pray day and night, and their prayers brought a blessing on the country, not to speak of the salvation of their own sowls. But the holiest of all the blessed men of those times was the hermit of Sgarrive-a-Kuilleen, for Sgarrive-a-Kuilleen is the name of a bridge, and the English of it is Holly Ford; for in those days there were no bridges at all, and the people were content to walk barefoot through the water whenever it came in their way. But if they hadn't bridges, they had plenty of holy men, and plentiful times, and good honest hearts, which is more than can be said for the people in our days, though, to be sure, they 're a great deal cleverer with their inventions, and all that; but the simple ould folks were the best of all.

"Well, as I was sayin', the hermit of Sgarrive-a-Kuilleen was a blessed man, and he lived in a little hut on the banks of the river, not far from the ford,

where the bridge is now; and there was a great resort of people from far and near to him, to get gospels and orations, and be cured of all sorts of sickness and blasts from the good people, for he was a very holy man, and in such favour with God, that he was fed by the blessed angels, who brought him bread from heaven.

"Well, that was all well and good, till one stormy night he happened, as bad luck would have it, to be looking out of his hut. 'Tis a desperate night,' says he, and never a word more; for he was very sleepy, and so he forgot to say, 'Glory be to God,' which was a greater sin for him than the killing of a man would be in the likes of us. But if he forgot to say 'Glory be to God,' the angels forgot to bring him any bread in the morning. So that he was very sorrowful, for he knew that he must have done somethin' wrong; though, for the life of him, he couldn't recollect what it was. At last he bethought himself of how he looked out at the storm, and that he said it was a desperate night, without saying, 'Glory be to God.' And so when he thought of this, and what a mortal sin it was for him, that was reckoned such a holy man, he got quite in despair, and began to think what penance he should do for his sin. At last he caught hould of a holly stick, which he used to carry in his hand whenever he went out to walk, and away he ran like mad down into the middle of the river, and planted his

stick in it, and made a vow never to lave that spot till his stick should begin to grow.

"Well, he wasn't there long till a noted thief came driving some cattle over the ford, and he wondered to see the hermit standing in the river before him. So he just made bould to ax him, what in the world he was doing there. So with that the hermit up and tould him how he was looking out at the storm, and how he said it was a desperate night, and how he forgot to say, 'Glory be to God,' and how he made a vow never to lave that spot till his holly stick would begin to grow.

"When the thief heard the whole story, just as it happened, he was struck with a great sorrow for his sins; for he thought if it was so bad with such a holy man, it must be a great deal worse with himself. So he resolved to make restitution of all he ever stole; and, determining to follow the hermit's example, he cut a holly stick, and ran into the river alongside of him, and made a vow never to stir till the stick would begin to grow.

"Well, if he went into the water, he wasn't there long; for, sure enough, his stick began to grow in a minute, and send out the most beautiful green sprouts; and so he knew that his sins were forgiven, and went up out of the water with his heart as light as a feather. But if it was easy with him, it wasn't so with the hermit; for he was thinking

more of the bread from heaven, and the loss of his character with the people, than he was of his sin. Till at last a big flood came in the river, and then he was sorry for his sin in good earnest, and so he was forgiven, for his stick began to grow; but that didn't prevent the flood from whipping him away, and so he was drownded. But if he was, it was the happy death for him; for the thief that was standing on the bank heard the most beautiful music, and saw something white going up into the sky, which, without doubt, was the holy angels carrying the hermit's sowl to heaven. And so the place is known ever since by the name of Sgarrive-a-Kuilleen, and I never passes it without saying (as a good right I have), 'God bless it!' or 'Glory be to God!'"

THE TAILOR AND THE CHANGELING.

"MANUS M'SWINE had a fine boy taken from him by the fairies, and one all head and mouth left in its stead. There it lay in the chimney-corner, everlastingly bawling—the roar never out of its mouth except when it was cramming with milk and white bread, and the day the priest went to christhen it you would hear its bawls all over the hills and up to Lough Salt. Thus it lay the world's torment, until one day that Con M'Gilligan, the tailor, came in.

"Now Con used to come once a year to give a week's mending and making, and so he stayed in the house a-serving, while Manus was abroad working, and the mistress went out to milk the cow; and just to make the needle run glibly through the cloth, Con began to lilt upon a song. With a squaking voice from the cradle in the cot, the little crathur cried out—

"'Con, jewel, go to the salt-box and take out an egg, my dacent lad, and just dress it in the ashes for me, or I will cry so loud that it will spoil your singing.'

"'O then,' says Con, 'is it you that spakes? By the powers, I all along knew you were nothing at all but a leaving of the good people. Not the breadth of my nail will I go until you tell me who you are and all about yourself.'

"'Well, now do, Con, make haste and roast the egg for me before the mistress comes in, and believe me it will be well for you.'

"So Con thought it all out dangerous to anger the crathur, and so he went and roasted the egg in the ashes, and afterwards, though he did not much like it, fed the urchin who seemed to like mightily a fresh egg.

"'Well, and now, my sweet little fellow, who are you, and where did you come from? for sartain I am that you are not a nathural bairn.'

"'Oh then, Con, you never said a truer word than that. I am one of the good people. I am sent here by our king as a bit of a punishment, but next Hollandtide Eve, please the pipes, I will be back and dancing on the moor braes, round the Rock of Doune.'

"'Well, and,' said Con, 'when and where were you born?'

"'Tut man, I was never born. I was once on a time as pretty an angel as could be, as beautiful, as good, and as happy as the day was long. And there was a terrible war then, for they that are devils now, rebelled and were turned out, and down

they came falling head-foremost, tumbling, and rolling until they dropped into hell. I, with all those who are now called good people, took neither hand nor part in the fray. We joined neither God nor devil, and so because we were neither good nor bad, neither this thing nor the other thing, we were turned out of heaven. We came to flit up and down through the world, sometimes for good, sometimes for bad, until the day of judgment, growing less, time after time, and I fear very much unless we mend our manners, we must all of us in the end go to hell. But no more of that now, Con. You seem to be a good and likely boy, and know how to roast an egg, so, Con, meet me the night of Hollandtide at the Rock. I will be after making your fortune.'

"The week before Hollandtide the child was observed to bawl no more. It would not sup any more milk, and one morning it was found stiff and cold in its cradle. To be sure Manus and his wife were not sorry to be so well rid of what was a vexation and a shame, and Manus went with a light heart with the unlucky thing under his arm, and he put it quietly in the churchyard on the north side of the old abbey, where the sun never shone upon it.

"Twenty times a day did Con M'Gilligan argufy with himself whether he would mind the fairy's bidding, and go to Doune Rock on the night of All Souls, or not. 'Twas head or harp between con-

science and curiosity, and curiosity won the toss. So he set out in the light of the full moon for the Rock. As he came near, and was turning the corner of a rocky ridge, out of which an oak in former times used to grow, he found something drop from the tree on to his shoulder, and looking up, he saw the natest little gentleman in the world sitting there just like an old acquaintance.

"'I'm glad to see you, Con. And so you can put trust in the good people's word, and now it 's I that will show you that I am a gentleman, and up to my word to a hair's-breadth. Mind my bidding and follow me, but first take this musheroon in your left hand, 'twill make you, while you hold it, as light and thin and small as myself; and mind for your life you don't name the name of God, or say a Paternoster.'

"As Con had gone so far, he thought he might as well go on, so taking the musheroon from the fairy, in the twinkling of an eye, he became less than a ninepin, and it was all his wonder that though his legs were so small he went as fast as thought. So they slid on, until they came to the side of the Rock where the fairies' door is, when his leader put his hand in his fob, took out a little key, and slipping it into the keyhole, before you could say Jack Robinson they were in the finest palace in the world.

"'And now,' says the fairy to Con, 'don't you

want a little money? Come this way with me and fill your pockets.'

"So they turned down a passage and came to a great iron grated door, with a huge padlock to it, which at the fairy's touch opened, and they entered into a sort of cellar, full of bags of gold.

"'Make haste now, Con, and fill your pockets.'

"So Con set to work, and crammed as fast as he could, and just when he had all his pockets full, he cried out—

"'Thank God! I'm rich enough for ever.'

He had no sooner said this, than, crash, dash went everything about his ears. Light left his eyes, and sense his brain. On the following morning, as if awaking out of a sound sleep, he found himself lying at the mouth of the cave, and what was best of all, he found when he clapped his hands to his pockets that they were full of good hard cash. So up he got, and as he was going towards home, says Con to himself—

"'What came by the fairies may go by the fairies. If I stay here in this country, there may little luck or grace go along with me or my money.'

"So Con set off for Derry, and took shipping for New York, as he heard for sartain that fairies never go as far as America, and there he lived and died, and there his children are rich people to this very day."

THE LADY OF GOLLERUS.

On the shore of Smerwick harbour, one fine summer's morning, just at daybreak, stood Dick Fitzgerald "shoghing the dudeen," which may be translated, smoking his pipe. The sun was gradually rising behind the lofty Brandon, the dark sea was getting green in the light, and the mists clearing away out of the valleys went rolling and curling like the smoke from the corner of Dick's mouth.

"'Tis just the pattern of a pretty morning," said Dick, taking the pipe from between his lips, and looking towards the distant ocean, which lay as still and tranquil as a tomb of polished marble. "Well, to be sure," continued he, after a pause, "'tis mighty lonesome to be talking to one's-self by way of company, and not to have another soul to answer one—nothing but the child of one's own voice, the echo! I know this, that if I had the luck, or maybe the misfortune," said Dick, with a melancholy smile, "to have the woman, it would not be this way with me! and what in the wide world is a man without a wife? He's no more surely than a

bottle without a drop of drink in it, or dancing without music, or the left leg of a scissors, or a fishing-line without a hook, or any other matter that is noways complete. Is it not so?" said Dick Fitzgerald, casting his eyes towards a rock upon the strand, which, though it could not speak, stood up as firm and looked as bold as ever Kerry witness did.

But what was his astonishment at beholding, just at the foot of that rock, a beautiful young creature combing her hair, which was of a sea-green colour; and now the salt water shining on it appeared, in the morning light, like melted butter upon cabbage.

Dick guessed at once that she was a Merrow, although he had never seen one before, for he spied the *cohuleen driuth*, or little enchanted cap which the sea people use for diving down into the ocean, lying upon the strand near her; and he had heard that, if once he could possess himself of the cap she would lose the power of going away into the water; so he seized it with all speed, and she, hearing the noise, turned her head about as natural as any Christian.

When the Merrow saw that her little diving-cap was gone, the salt tears—doubly salt, no doubt, from her—came trickling down her cheeks, and she began a low mournful cry, with just the tender voice of a new-born infant. Dick, although he knew well enough what she was crying for, determined to keep the *cohuleen driuth*, let her cry never so much, to see what luck would come of it. Yet he could not

help pitying her; and when the dumb thing looked up in his face, and her cheeks all moist with tears, 'twas enough to make any one feel, let alone Dick, who had ever and always, like most of his countrymen, a mighty tender heart of his own.

"Don't cry, my darling," said Dick Fitzgerald; but the Merrow, like any bold child, only cried the more for that.

Dick sat himself down by her side, and took hold of her hand by way of comforting her. 'Twas in no particular an ugly hand, only there was a small web between the fingers, as there is in a duck's foot; but 'twas as thin and as white as the skin between egg and shell.

"What's your name, my darling?" says Dick, thinking to make her conversant with him; but he got no answer; and he was certain sure now either that she could not speak or did not understand him; he therefore squeezed her hand in his, as the only way he had of talking to her. It's the universal language; and there's not a woman in the world, be she fish or lady, that does not understand it.

The Merrow did not seem much displeased at this mode of conversation; and making an end of her whining all at once, "Man," says she, looking up in Dick Fitzgerald's face,—"man, will you eat me?"

"By all the red petticoats and check aprons between Dingle and Tralee," cried Dick, jumping up in amazement, "I'd as soon eat myself, my jewel!

I'M READY AND WILLING TO BE YOURS.

Is it I eat you, my pet? Now, 'twas some ugly ill-looking thief of a fish put that notion into your own pretty head, with the nice green hair down upon it, that is so cleanly combed out this morning!"

"Man," said the Merrow, "what will you do with me if you won't eat me?"

Dick's thoughts were running on a wife; he saw at the first glimpse that she was handsome; but since she spoke, and spoke too like any real woman, he was fairly in love with her. 'Twas the neat way she called him man that settled the matter entirely.

"Fish," says Dick, trying to speak to her after her own short fashion,—"fish," says he, "here's my word, fresh and fasting, for you this blessed morning, that I'll make you Mistress Fitzgerald before all the world, and that's what I'll do."

"Never say the word twice," says she; "I'm ready and willing to be yours, Mister Fitzgerald; but stop, if you please, till I twist up my hair." It was some time before she had settled it entirely to her liking; for she guessed, I suppose, that she was going among strangers, where she would be looked at. When that was done, the Merrow put her comb in her pocket, and then bent down her head and whispered some word to the water that was close to the foot of the rock.

Dick saw the murmur of the words upon the top of the sea going out towards the wide ocean, just like a breath of wind rippling along, and, says he,

in the greatest wonder, "Is it speaking you are, my darling, to the salt water?"

"It's nothing else," said she, quite carelessly. "I'm just sending word home to my father not to be waiting breakfast for me; just to keep him from being uneasy in his mind."

"And who's your father, my duck?" said Dick.

"What!" said the Merrow, "did you never hear of my father? He's the king of the waves to be sure!"

"And yourself, then, is a real king's daughter?" said Dick, opening his two eyes to take a full and true survey of his wife that was to be. "Oh, I'm nothing else but a made man with you, and a king your father; to be sure he has all the money that's down at the bottom of the sea!"

"Money," repeated the Merrow; "what's money?"

"'Tis no bad thing to have when one wants it," replied Dick; "and maybe now the fishes have the understanding to bring up whatever you bid them?"

"Oh yes," said the Merrow, "they bring me what I want."

"To speak the truth, then," said Dick, "'tis a straw bed I have at home before you, and that I'm thinking is noways fitting for a king's daughter; so if 'twould not be displeasing to you just to mention a nice feather bed, with a pair of new blankets —but what am I talking about? maybe you have not such things as beds down under the water?"

"By all means," said she, "Mr. Fitzgerald—plenty of beds at your service. I've fourteen oyster-beds of my own, not to mention one just planting for the rearing of young ones."

"You have?" says Dick, scratching his head and looking a little puzzled. "'Tis a feather bed I was speaking of; but, clearly, yours is the very cut of a decent plan to have bed and supper so handy to each other, that a person when they'd have the one need never ask for the other."

However, bed or no bed, money or no money, Dick Fitzgerald determined to marry the Merrow, and the Merrow had given her consent. Away they went therefore across the strand, from Gollerus to Ballinrunnig, where Father Fitzgibbon happened to be that morning.

"There are two words to this bargain, Dick Fitzgerald," said his reverence, looking mighty glum. "And is it a fishy woman you'd marry? The Lord preserve us! Send the scaly creature home to her own people; that's my advice to you, wherever she came from."

Dick had the *cohuleen driuth* in his hand, and was about to give it back to the Merrow, who looked covetously at it; but he thought for a moment, and then says he, "Please your reverence, she's a king's daughter."

"If she was the daughter of fifty kings," said

Father Fitzgibbon, "I tell you, you can't marry her, she being a fish."

"Please your reverence," said Dick again, in an undertone, "she is as mild and as beautiful as the moon."

"If she was as mild and as beautiful as the sun, moon, and stars, all put together, I tell you, Dick Fitzgerald," said the priest, stamping his right foot, "you can't marry her, she being a fish!"

"But she has all the gold that 's down in the sea only for the asking, and I 'm a made man if I marry her; and," said Dick, looking up slily, "I can make it worth any one's while to do the job."

"Oh, that alters the case entirely," replied the priest. "Why, there 's some reason now in what you say; why didn't you tell me this before? Marry her by all means, if she was ten times a fish. Money, you know, is not to be refused in these bad times, and I may as well have the hansel of it as another, that maybe would not take half the pains in counselling you that I have done."

So Father Fitzgibbon married Dick Fitzgerald to the Merrow, and, like any loving couple, they returned to Gollerus well pleased with each other. Everything prospered with Dick; he was at the sunny side of the world; the Merrow made the best of wives, and they lived together in the greatest contentment.

It was wonderful to see, considering where she

had been brought up, how she would busy herself about the house, and how well she nursed the children; for at the end of three years there were as many young Fitzgeralds—two boys and a girl.

In short, Dick was a happy man, and so he might have continued to the end of his days if he had only had the sense to take proper care of what he had got; many another man, however, beside Dick has not had wit enough to do that.

One day, when Dick was obliged to go to Tralee, he left the wife minding the children at home after him, and thinking she had plenty to do without disturbing his fishing tackle.

Dick was no sooner gone than Mrs. Fitzgerald set about cleaning up the house, and chancing to pull down a fishing-net, what should she find behind it in a hole in the wall but her own *cohuleen driuth.* She took it out and looked at it, and then she thought of her father the king, and her mother the queen, and her brothers and sisters, and she felt a longing to go back to them.

She sat down on a little stool and thought over the happy days she had spent under the sea; then she looked at her children, and thought on the love and affection of poor Dick, and how it would break his heart to lose her. "But," says she, "he won't lose me entirely, for I'll come back to him again, and who can blame me for going to see my father and my mother after being so long away from them?"

She got up and went towards the door, but came back again to look once more at the child that was sleeping in the cradle. She kissed it gently, and as she kissed it a tear trembled for an instant in her eye and then fell on its rosy cheek. She wiped away the tear, and turning to the eldest little girl, told her to take good care of her brothers, and to be a good child herself until she came back. The Merrow then went down to the strand. The sea was lying calm and smooth, just heaving and glittering in the sun; and she thought she heard a faint, sweet singing, inviting her to come down. All her old ideas and feelings came flooding over her mind, Dick and her children were at the instant forgotten, and placing the *cohuleen driuth* on her head she plunged in.

Dick came home in the evening, and missing his wife he asked Kathelin, his little girl, what had become of her mother, but she could not tell him. He then inquired of the neighbours, and he learned that she was seen going towards the strand with a strange-looking thing like a cocked hat in her hand. He returned to his cabin to search for the *cohuleen driuth*. It was gone, and the truth now flashed upon him.

Year after year did Dick Fitzgerald wait expecting the return of his wife, but he never saw her more. Dick never married again, always thinking that the Merrow would sooner or later return to

him, and nothing could ever persuade him, but that her father the king kept her below by main force; "For," said Dick, "she surely would not of herself give up her husband and her children."

While she was with him she was so good a wife in every respect that to this day she is spoken of in the tradition of the country as the pattern for one, under the name of THE LADY OF GOLLERUS.

DARBY, THE RED CAT.

"WELL, bad luck to all cats, say I, every day they see a paving-stone; and twice of a Sunday. For they are as treacherous as anything at all; and 'tis easy enough by looking in their eyes to know that they are not of the right sort, for their eyes have a light in them that is not good."

"Ay, Murty, I see you are thinking of the story that was told last night at the wake, of the nine black cats in the old grand court, sitting round a coffin; and the one in the coffin that was a spirit; and the nine candles that were nine spirits lighting in its eyes."

"No, by my word, I'm not thinking of any such thing. I'm thinking of what is a great deal nearer home to me, for I'm thinking of what was told by my own grandfather, that he heard from the old people of his own town-land, about a cat that lived in that place, in the house of a snug man, that had a wife and family."

"Well, Murtough, and what was it that the old

people said? For the old people is sure enough the people that knows a deal better than us."

"Why, then, he told me, and by my word it was just as I'll tell you, the very same thing—

"There was a man living in the town-land, and there was a cat in his house, and one day he beat the cat for running away with a *Drishahawn* (a sheep's pudding) out of the cupboard, and the cat jumped at him, and scratched his hands, and tore his face with his claws; and the more the man leathered him for it the more bitter he was of the man, and the more he tore at him with his claws and his teeth, which were as sharp as a north wind.

"And it was a long time before they made it up again, and were friendly and loving together; for the cat was from that minute out like a wild-cat among the bushes and rabbit-holes, and not like a tame cat living in a house at all.

"And soon after that the man was intending to go to Ennis to sell his barley at the distillery, to pay his rent; and he said to his wife the night before—

"'I'll go to Ennis to-morrow to sell the barley; for I hear there's a good price for barley now at the distillery, and I shall not be at home again till late at night.'

"So his wife, with that, told him that when he went to Ennis he must buy her a new spotted yellow gown, and a little lilac silk handkerchief to wear of a Sunday; a black Caroline hat, with a band and

buckle, and a black feather and some red ribands; and to get himself a new coat that he might appear decent, and look smart, and like himself, and like what he was the time he courted her, when he would be riding before her to chapel on a Sunday, or in holiday times bringing her to see her relations in Limerick. And that he might as well get her a new pillion since there was a good price for grain.

"So the man promised, of course, to do this; for if he did not, 'tis well he knew he 'd sup sorrow!

"Then presently one of his little gossoons of young childer says to him—

"'And, daddy, won't you get me a new pair of shoes in Ennis?'

"'Yes,' said the poor man. 'Yes, child, I 'll get you a pair of new shoes, for you are in want of them I know, and I 'll get another nice pair of new shoes for your little *chister* that 's with her aunt.'

"And while they were talking in this way to one another, what should he see lying before the fire fast asleep, but the cat.

"And as soon as ever the man told his little boy that he would bring shoes for him and his little *chister* (because the print of the creature's ten toes was in the ground, out of her brogues for the last fortnight), that very minute the cat rose up his head from off the floor, where he was then lying before the fire, and turned his face to the man, and said—

"'Why, then, a Mihawl, and wouldn't you get me a pair of new shoes in Ennis, too?'

"And faith the man upon that was surprised enough to hear the cat say that same; but he was 'cute and cunning enough, so he said immediately—

"'Yes, Dermod, faith, then, to be sure, I'll get you a pair of new shoes in Ennis, and why not? For you must find it very cold always going about the country hunting the vagabond rats and rabbits barefooted in that way; not like the hunting horses that have their good iron shoes. But then, Dermod, you know, *avourneen* (my darling), that cats don't often wear shoes; and I don't think, yea, by my soul, I'm quite sure, I'll not be able to get you a pair ready-made in all Ennis; and so I think you must have yourself measured by the shoemaker for a pair; for if I was to search the whole town, I am sure as I am of the blessed Gospel, that I couldn't match you to your mind. But now that I think of it, Dermod, the very best thing you can do is to come to Ennis in the morning early, and have your measure taken, and then the pair of shoes can be made to fit your feet.'

"'Mihil,' said the cat, looking as grave as a judge, 'I think you're right. I think that very same is the best way, for certain, and we'll travel together to Ennis in the fresh air of the morning.'

"Oh, but the man did not like these doings and goings on at all. However, he bethought within

himself what he should do, and that very night at midnight, he stole—stole—stole out of the house, and went to a sporting gentleman, who kept a great pack of hounds in the neighbourhood, and told him fairly and squarely the whole matter, body and bones; and what the cat said to him while he was lying by the fire, after he was asleep *a morragh*; and what he said to the cat that same time. And the gentleman promised the man he would do whatever he wished in the business.

"So next morning, with the first light, the man was out of his bed, and tackled his *truckles* (carts), and put his bags of barley on them, and then told the cat it was high time for them to be going their road, and to get into the bag that was made of his darling mistress's new flannel petticoat, and so he would ride snug and cosy to the town of Ennis to get himself measured for his new shoes.

"So when the cat was once in the bag (I 'll engage it was the man tied it tight enough with a cord), off they started, and very soon they came to a place where the sporting gentleman was waiting with his pack of hounds, and horns, and huntsmen, and dog-boys, and all the grand gentlemen of the country round!

"So the minute the cat was brought into the very heart of the hounds, that minute the man opened the bag and whisked the cat out of it into the very middle of them; and they gave him the

very finest 'tally-ho' that ever was heard in all the world. And while the hounds were killing him, he screeched out to the man—

"'Aw-w-w; 'tis well for you, Mihil, that you have done this, this morning; for if *you* didn't do it, 'twas I that intended to-night to cut the throats of yourself, and your wife, and all your young childer, for the bating you gave me for running away with the *Drishahawns*!'

"So bad luck to all cats, I say again, and Amen! to the same. For a cat is a hundred times worse than a water-wagtail; though they say a water-wagtail has three drops of the devil's blood in his head."

CARRIG-CLEENA.

IN the parish of Glantaun, and three miles north-west of the town of Mallow, in the midst of a wild tract of country, stand certain rocks of a strange and romantic appearance. The dark green drapery of the creeping ground-ivy shades the time-bleached sides of these masses, and the lighter tint of the tall fern springing from their deep interstices marks their different compartments with many a line of green. These rocks lie circularly on the plain, and in the centre rises one towering over the rest as the graceful height of the pine looks proudly down on its humble fellows of the forest. Its almost inaccessible top is perfectly level and covered with a carpet of verdant green. At the base of its northern side lie huge stones which some giant arm seems to have hurled confusedly around, for from the perpendicular smoothness of the sides and the table-like flatness of the summit they could not have fallen down from the rock. Inside these fragments of granite, and level with the plain, yawns a wide opening in the rock. This entrance is softly shaded by the briery

branches of the wild-rose, and leads, according to the current opinion, to a spacious vault within; and some who have climbed to the top have found it resound deep and hollow to the stamp of their feet; but the most adventurous never essayed to explore its innermost secrets. A large hawthorn which opens its fragrant white blossoms in this romantic solitude is tenanted by the wild thrush that pours his musical song to the echoes of the rock. Indeed, this seems to be the favourite haunt of the genius of music. Some unseen youngster from the green summit of the rock is often heard to blend strains of melting harmony with the wild warbling of the thrush. The cowboy, as he whistles his herd over the neighbouring pastures to the milking-lawn, as the gentle summer evening is throwing her russet mantle over the green bosom of the land, frequently hears, in this fairy haunt, the music of some unknown instrument, whose thrilling vibrations, suspending every sense but that of hearing, deprive the limbs of motion and bind the entranced soul in the magic links of harmony until the wild strain is hushed, and silence reigns around.

The land immediately surrounding this haunted rock has been time out of mind deemed consecrated ground. Never did the profane hedging-bill of the peasant invade its time-honoured shrubs; the spade of the husbandman never wounded the holy glebe; and though modern improvement is rapidly changing

the harsh features of this rough district, cultivation has not yet dared to obtrude where superstition guards her ancient right—for tradition relates that this is the favourite abode of Cleena, a benevolent genius—hence the haunted rock, so famous in fairy-lore, has obtained the name of Carrig-Cleena.

The untaught peasants of the surrounding country have ever regarded Cleena as their benefactress. The rustic of the present day affirms that in her neighbourhood no cattle die from the malignant influence of the evil eye, or the mischievous power of the unfriendly spirits of air; and that her goodness preserves the harvest crop from the blight which lays prostrate the farmer's hopes when beings unfriendly to man appropriate to themselves the produce of the fields. The peasantry seem to be the children of her peculiar care. Frequently she has been known to veil her celestial beauty, and, attired in the homely garb of the country, announce to some night wanderer the expulsion from her confines of the evil spirits of the north, and the consequent abundance of a plentiful harvest.

On the borders of the Shannon, in the county of Limerick, resided a youthful chieftain, one of the Geraldines, the remains of whose castles along the banks of that king of Irish streams even yet frown defiance on the dashing waves below. He was skilled in all the accomplishments deemed necessary in that age of chivalry in which he lived. Brave as

those daring adventurers from whom he claimed descent, and hospitable and generous as the ancient chieftain of the land, his perfections were the theme of many a harp-striking minstrel. The princely chief himself was a bard of the first eminence, and he early taught his harp to breathe in ardent strains the charms of Ellen O'Brien. She was the only daughter of one of those unfortunate chiefs whose possessions sank to insignificance, and whose power crumbled to dust before the prevailing fortune of the Saxon invader. Fitzgerald saw the beauteous Ellen —and loved; nor was his passion unregarded. His splendid accomplishments and noble mien, the soft music of his harp, and tender lay of love, all stole to the heart of the interesting girl, and Ellen beheld in the enemy of her name and race the only being whose idea twined like a magic spell round her heart and brain, and without whom this earth and its enjoyments seemed but a dreary void.

Tradition records that Cleena beheld this favoured youth, and that gifted being, before whose knowledge the secrets of the earth lay unlocked, bent to a superior power, and obeyed that magic spell which, in the olden day, it is said, drew erring angels from their sphere to bask in the beauty-smiles of the daughters of Adam. She loved Fitzgerald, and resolved that he should share the splendours of her unseen hall and the greatness of her power. Upon a festival day, when the proud and noble of the land

were assembled at tilt and tourney, a dark cloud descended on the plain, and enveloping young Fitzgerald, bore him from the field. He disappeared. No trace of him could be found. The various messengers who sought intelligence of him returned weary from their fruitless toil. Days and months rolled away in vain expectation; and the most incredulous, at length, believed that a supernatural power had borne the chieftain away, and that he remained the slave of enchantment in some unexplored retreat impervious to mortal feet.

Of all that mourned this strange and melancholy circumstance, none felt more intense sorrow than Ellen O'Brien. When his followers ceased to seek their master, when every mouth forgot the hopeless inquiry, she departed privately from the home of her childhood, resolved, with that tenacity of passion which belongs to the true and stainless heart of woman, to find her lover or perish in the attempt. In a rocky glen in Kerry, where resided a wizard, who held strange and unutterable communings with beings of another life, she learned that Cleena had conveyed her lover to her favourite residence in the county of Cork. In the decline of autumn Ellen O'Brien reached Carrig-Cleena, her hair floating wildly in the fitful breeze, her garments torn by every shrub and bramble, and her feet bleeding from the roughness of the path. In her native tongue, that language of life and feeling, she poured the extem-

poraneous effusions of her love-lorn heart in harmonious verse. She feelingly depicted their unquenchable loves, their early vows of plighted faith, and the assurance she received that the object of her pursuit was detained in that enchanted rock. She appealed to Cleena's wonted kindness to the human race, and expressed her firm determination to expire at the foot of that rock, the echoes of which should bear her final groan to the faithful youth whose eternal constancy, she knew, no power of earth or air could destroy.

The legend tells that Cleena, moved by Ellen O'Brien's matchless fidelity, and won by the beauty of her person and the mournful melody of her persuasive song, gave the captive lover to the arms of his faithful maid. They departed together. The nuptial tie joined the hands of those whose hearts were long united, and they became the parents of a happy offspring.

THE FIELD OF BOLIAUNS.

TOM FITZPATRICK was the eldest son of a comfortable farmer who lived at Ballincollig. Tom was just turned of nine-and-twenty when he met with the following adventure, and was as clever, clean, tight, good-looking a boy as any in the whole County Cork. One fine day in harvest—it was indeed Lady-day in harvest, that everybody knows to be one of the greatest holidays in the year—Tom was taking a ramble through the ground, and went sauntering along the sunny side of a hedge, thinking in himself where would be the great harm if people, instead of idling and going about doing nothing at all, were to shake out the hay, and bind and stook the oats that were lying on the ledge, especially as the weather had been rather broken of late, when all of a sudden he heard a clacking sort of noise a little before him in the hedge. "Dear me," said Tom, "but isn't it surprising to hear the stonechatters singing so late in the season?" So Tom stole on, going on the tops of his toes to try if he could get a sight of what was making the

noise, to see if he was right in his guess. The noise stopped; but as Tom looked sharply through the bushes, what should he see in a nook of the hedge but a brown pitcher, that might hold about a gallon and a half of liquor; and by-and-by a little wee diny dony bit of an old man, with a little *motty* of a cocked hat stuck upon the top of his head, a deeshy daushy leather apron hanging before him, pulled out a little wooden stool, and stood up upon it, and dipped a little piggin into the pitcher, and took out the full of it, and put it beside the stool, and then sat down under the pitcher, and began to work at putting a heel-piece on a bit of a brogue just fitting for himself. "Well, by the powers," said Tom to himself, "I often heard tell of the Cluricaune, and, to tell God's truth, I never rightly believed in them—but here's one of them in real earnest. If I go knowingly to work, I'm a made man. They say a body must never take their eyes off them, or they'll escape."

Tom now stole on a little further, with his eye fixed on the little man just as a cat does with a mouse, or, as we read in books, the rattlesnake does with the birds he wants to enchant. So when he got up quite close to him, "God bless your work, neighbour," said Tom.

The little man raised up his head, and "Thank you kindly," said he.

HE MADE A GRAB AT THE CLURICAUNE, AND CAUGHT HIM UP IN HIS HAND.

"Will you give a body a taste of your beer?" said Tom.

"I'll tell you what it is, young man, it would be fitter for you to be looking after your father's property than to be bothering decent quiet people with your foolish questions. There now, while you're idling away your time here, there's the cows have broke into the oats, and are knocking the corn all about."

Tom was taken so by surprise with this that he was just on the very point of turning round when he recollected himself; so, afraid that the like might happen again, he made a *grab* at the Cluricaune, and caught him up in his hand; but in his hurry he overset the pitcher, and spilt all the beer, so that he could not get a taste of it to tell what sort it was. He then swore what he would do to him if he did not show him where his money was. Tom looked so wicked and so bloody-minded that the little man was quite frightened; so, says he, "Come along with me a couple of fields off, and I'll show you a crock of gold."

So they went, and Tom held the Cluricaune fast in his hand, and never took his eyes from off him, though they had to cross hedges and ditches, and a crooked bit of bog (for the Cluricaune seemed, out of pure mischief, to pick out the hardest and most contrary way), till at last they came to a great field all full of boliaun buies (ragweed), and the Cluri-

caune pointed to a big boliaun, and says he, "Dig under that boliaun, and you 'll get the great crock all full of guineas."

Tom in his hurry had never minded the bringing a spade with him, so he thought to run home and fetch one; and that he might know the place again he took off one of his red garters, and tied it round the boliaun.

"I suppose," said the Cluricaune very civilly, "you have no further occasion for me?"

"No," says Tom; "you may go away now, if you please, and God speed you, and may good luck attend you wherever you go."

"Well, good-bye to you, Tom Fitzpatrick," said the Cluricaune; "and much good may it do you with what you 'll get."

So Tom ran, for the dear life, till he came home and got a spade, and then away with him, as hard as he could go, back to the field of boliauns; but when he got there, lo and behold! not a boliaun in the field but had a red garter, the very identical model of his own, tied about it; and as to digging up the whole field, that was all nonsense, for there was more than forty good Irish acres in it. So Tom came home again with his spade on his shoulder, a little cooler than he went, and many 's the hearty curse he gave the Cluricaune every time he thought of the neat turn he had served him.

THE FAIRY'S QUERN.

TOM COGHLAN one evening returned to his house, expecting to find the fire blazing, the potatoes boiling, his wife smiling, and his children as merry as grigs. And without doubt these things are a great comfort to a poor man. But it wasn't Tom's luck to find matters as he expected; for there was no fire, and his wife was scolding, and the children were all crying from hunger. Poor Tom was quite dumfoundered to find matters going on so badly; for though there were potatoes enough in the house, there wasn't so much as a brosna to boil them with. What was to be done? After considering for some time, he bethought himself of the great furze bushes which grew in the old fort on the top of Knockanes, and, snatching up a bill-hook, away he went. Before he reached the top of the hill the sun had gone down, and the moon had risen above the eastern hills. Wide and vast was the prospect disclosed by her wavering watery light; for on the one hand might be seen the bay of Tralee, with its full spark-

ling tide, from whose verge uprose Slieve Mish, Cahir-con-righ, and that vast chain of mountains extending to the west, while the towns of Blennerville and Tralee slept dim-discovered in the valley beneath. On the other hand lay the bare and barren sandhills, the wide-extending common of Ardfert, and the broad-sweeping strand which skirted the billowy bay of Ballyheigh; while, far to the west, the mighty Atlantic rolled its waste of waters unbounded and unshackled, save where, to the right and left, the misty forms of Brandon Hill and Kerry Head, like the horns of a vast crescent, shot out far into the restless deep.

Such was the prospect which lay before the unobservant eye of Tom Coghlan, who saw nothing but the old fort, which superstition had taught him to consider as an eerie and a fearful place; the breeze which faintly rustled amid the bushes was to him a sound of terror, and the distant murmur of the deep, booming through the silence of the night, struck his spirit with a mysterious and indefinable awe. Conquering his fear, however, as he approached the fort, and remembering that his children were as yet without their supper, he raised his arm in act to fell one of the large furze bushes which grew on the embankment, when its descent was suddenly arrested by the sound of a small shrill voice. The startled workman let the bill-hook drop from his grasp, as, looking up, he beheld,

perched upon a furze bush, a little old man, not more than a foot and a half high; his face was nearly of the colour of a tawny mushroom, while his little sparkling eyes, twinkling like kerrystones in the dark, illumined his distorted visage, which was surmounted by a long red cap, something in the shape of an extinguisher. His body was small, and bore no proportion to his limbs. Such was the extraordinary being who interrupted Tom Coghlan at his work, and whom I shall distinguish by the name of Little Redcap.

"O-ho!" said the Little Redcap, "is that what you'd be after, Mr. Tommy Coghlan? What did me or mine do to you that you should come cutting down my bushes?"

"Why, then, nothing at all, your honour," said Tom, recovering a little from his fright,—"Why, then, nothing at all, your honour, only the poor little childer were crying with the hunger, and I thought I'd just make bould to cut a bush or two to bile the praties with, for we hadn't so much as a brosna in the house."

"You mustn't cut down the bushes, Tom," said the Little Redcap; "but as you are an honest man, I'll buy them from you, though I've a better right to them than you have. But the quiet way is the best always, so if you take my advice, you'll carry this quern home with you, and let the bushes alone."

"Quern, indeed!" said Tom, at the same time giving a look of astonishment; for it was so small that he might have put it with all ease into his breeches pocket,—"Quern, indeed! and what good will that bit of a quern do me? sure it won't bile the praties for the grawls!"

"What good will it do you?" said the Little Red-cap. "I 'll tell you what good it will do you: it will make you and your family as strong and as fat as so many stall-fed bullocks; and if it won't bile the praties, it will do a great deal better, for you have only to turn it about, and it will give you the greatest plenty of elegant meal; but if ever you sell any of it, that moment the quern will lose its virtue."

"It 's a bargain," said Tom; "so give me the quern, and you 're heartily welcome to the bushes."

"There it is for you, Tom," said the little Red-cap, at the same time throwing it down to him,—"There it is for you, and much good may it do you; but remember you are not to sell the meal on any account."

"Let me alone for that," said Tom, as he made the best of his way home, where his wife was trying to comfort the children, and wondering all the time what in the world could keep Tom out so long. When she saw him return without so much as a kippen to boil the potatoes with, her wrath,

which had been repressed for the last half-hour, burst out like Beamish and Crawford's bottled porter when the cork is drawn.

"Wisha, then," said she, "isn't this a poor case, to say you come in without anything to bile the praties, and I breaking my heart this two hours trying to keep the childer quiet? But I suppose you were at the shebeen-house instead of minding me or mine; but if I had to travel about with a cad an' skiver an' a bag on my back, I won't put up wid you any longer, you nasty drunken gomal of a baste!" Here she paused for want of breath, and Tom, taking the opportunity to put in a word, said—

"Arrah, then, can't you be aisy, Judy? Mind you, indeed! May be I wasn't minding you, why? See that now, for a thing I brought you," continued Tom, at the same time placing the quern on the table.

"O you ounshaugh of a gomal!" roared Judy. "What good are those two little stones? will they feed the grawls? Tell me that, you natural!"

"Feed the grawls! faix an' 'tis they that will," said Tom. So he told her all about the little quern, and how he got it from the red-capped fairy.

"We'll try it directly," said Judy; and they pulled the big table into the middle of the floor,

and commenced grinding away with the quern. Before long the most beautiful meal began to come from it, and in a short time they had every vessel in the house full. Judy was quite delighted, and the children managed as well as they could for that night, by eating plenty of the raw meal. For a long time things went on very well, the quern giving them food in abundance, till they all grew as fat and sleek as coach-horses. Unfortunately, one day, Judy being at a great loss for a little money, was tempted to take a few pecks of the meal, and sell it in the town of Tralee; but if she did, sorry enough she was for it, for, from that day out the quern lost all its virtue, and if Tom was grinding for ever, it would not give them a taste of meal. Tom couldn't for the life of him find out the reason, for Judy was afraid to tell him about her selling the meal; so, putting his bill-hook under his arm, away he went to the old fort, determined to be revenged on Little Redcap by cutting down his bushes.

Scarcely had he commenced the work when the Little Redcap made his appearance. Mighty angry he was that Tom should come cutting his bushes, after having made a fair bargain with him; but Tom, nothing daunted, was as stiff as he was stout, and told him that he was a deceitful little ugly vagabond, to give him a quern that wasn't worth a thraneen; and that if he didn't give him a

good one for it, he'd cut down every bush in the fort.

"What a bullamskiagh you are, Mister Tom!" said the Little Redcap; "but you'd better be easy and let the bushes alone, or may be so well you'd pay for it. Deceive you, indeed! didn't I tell you the quern would lose its power if you sold any of the meal?"

"And sure I didn't, either," said Tom.

"Well, it's all one for that," answered the Little Redcap, "for if you didn't, your wife did; and as to giving you another quern, it's out of the question, for we have but one in the fort, you see, and a hard battle we fought to get it from another party of the good people. But I'll tell you what I'll do with you, Tom; let the bushes alone, and I'll make a doctor of you."

"A doctor, indeed! may be it's a fool you're making of me," said Tom. But 'twas no such thing, for the Little Redcap gave Tom Coghlan some charm or other, that he never failed to kill or to cure whoever he took in hand, just like other doctors. And Tom became a great man, and made up a long purse, and gave good larning to his poor children, that he left crying at home after him the night he first met the fairy in the old fort. And one of them he made a priest of, and another a grand butter merchant in Blarney Lane, in the

city of Cork; and the youngest son, being ever and always a well-spoken boy, he made a counsellor; and his two daughters are well married, and Tom's wife is dead, and he 's as happy a man as can be.

Edinburgh: Printed by T. and A. Constable.

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